

3436.9
3

H O L Y
MEDITATIONS
A N D
CONTEMPLATIONS
O F
J E S U S C H R I S T. K

CONCERNING
OUR REDEMPTION, RECONCILIATION,
and *Hope* of GLORIFICATION in
H I M *Alone.*

Together with the
Righteousness of F A I T H.

Rejoice in the Lord alway. Phil. iv. 4.

L O N D O N:

Written in the Year 1642.

Printed by J. HART, in *Popping's-Court, Fleet-Street*; and sold by J. LEWIS, in *Bartholomew-Close, near West-Smithfield*; at the *French Church* in *Black and Grey-Eagle Street, Spital-Fields*; and at the *Meeting in Peter's Yard, Castle-Street, near Leicester-Fields.* 1746.

[Price Six-pence.]



T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE Author of these Verses knew what Paul meant, when he said, Gal. ii. 2. I am crucify'd with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the Life that I live in the Flesh, I live by the Faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. And it is this living by Faith in Christ alone, and beholding our full Salvation in Him, whereby the World is crucify'd unto us, and we are crucify'd unto the World; and tho' the common Calumny cast upon the blessed Truths contain'd herein, is, that they have a Tendency to make us live in Sin, yet we still answer this carnal Objection with Paul, God forbid, how shall we that are dead to Sin, live any longer therein. How can we be rejoicing in our Old Man being crucify'd with Christ, that the Body of Sin might be destroy'd, and at the same Time be rejoicing in the Life and Practice of Sin. ? — The Objection is only an old Device of Satan, transforming himself into an Angel of Light, to frighten Souls from the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Who, as the Scripture says, being the God of this World, goes about blinding Men's Eyes, lest the Light of the glorious Gospel should shine in unto them; and this may be said of many, who, as Paul bore witness concerning the Jews, having a Zeal of Godliness, but not according to Knowledge, go about to establish their own Righteousness, though by different Names, and under various Pretences, and do not submit to the Righteousness of God. It is confess'd, that the Truths contain'd herein are such as this Age seems very much unacquainted with, yet I know them to be so scriptural and useful, that having such a Treasure in my Hands, I dare not conceal it, for a Necessity is laid on me to make known the Gospel of Christ, which that it may be through Faith, the Power of God unto thy Salvation, and thy Teacher to deny Ungodliness and worldly Lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present World, is the Prayers of yours in the Lord Jesus,

W. CUDWORTH.



THE

T H E
A U T H O R
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THO' I could wish that as many as shall despise this Book could understand it, yet so it is, that Men being wise in their own Eyes, and having in Admiration the Wisdom of this World, do account these most comfortable Truths, that declare unto us the Benefits that we have receiv'd by the Death of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, to be but Foolishness, and too mean an Object for their suppos'd Eagle's Eyes, tho' indeed they are but counterfeit and craven, in as much as they dazzle at the Lustre of that Sun, the Brightness whereof cannot be discern'd but by a Spirit they contemn; preferring Darkness before Light, Phantoms, and Things that are not, before what is substantial, and of most excellent Being: All that I shall say to such, is, that I heartily wish their Eyes may be open'd, the Scales and Mists of Error and Self-conceit being taken away, that so they may together

with us, perceive the exceeding Comfort that we do receive from the Assurance of our Salvation, and the unsearchable Riches of the glorious Inheritance of the Sons of God.

And altho' there is but little Hopes by this Book to alter those Men that are pre-occupy'd with such Falsities as they suck in with their Breath, and are become consubstantial with them, Error and Pride having so filled them, that there is no Room in their Hearts for Truth and Meekness; this Book, besides, being written, not so much to prove, as to enjoy those Things that belong unto our Peace, the Author being confident of what he wrote; yet, peradventure, meeting with some such Dispositions as are yet in Suspence, it may take them by the Hand, and direct them into every Room thereof, and tho' not open their Hearts by the Key of Argument, yet ravish and enlighten them with the clear Sun-shine that these Truths carry with them: And however they came with no such Intentions, yet with Saul being convinced, they may prophesy among the Prophets, protesting manfully to fight under his Banner, whose Name they now bear, to the beating down of Strongholds that maintain a false and usurped Righteousness of their own, making the precious Death of Christ of no Effect, by which alone, without any Means or Conditions whatsoever, we look to be saved.

Lastly,

Lastly, for those who already know what is the Length, and Depth, and Breadth of the Riches of God in Christ Jesus, to whom this Book can sing no New-Song, but such as they are perfect in; for those, I say, the Author especially intended it, and the main Reason that mov'd him to it, was, that knowing their Eyes were open'd, the Vail taken away, and that they saw God reconcil'd to them, their Sins forgiven them, the Law and the Condemnation for the Breach of it of no Validity, to remove the Love of God from them, all Sins past, present, and to come, being satisfy'd for; yet he having observ'd that thro' vain Disputations that edify not, but rather ingender Doubts, their Minds are distracted. Learning and human Abilities being also too much magnified, and by that means, when indeed we are all Equals, one Brother is preferr'd before another; the true Profession of Christ, which should declare the same Mind to be in every one of us, being by our Disagreement scandalized, the Enemies thereof, who by seeing our Good Works should glorify the same God and Christ, in the same Manner with ourselves, speaking Evil of us, and hardening themselves against us; these his beloved Brethren, the Author, from the Yearning Bowels of his Love towards them, thus bespeaks, that if there be any Consolation in Christ Jesus, if any Comfort of Love, if any Fellowship of the Spirit, that they would fulfil the Joy of Christ, be like-minded, having

same Love, being of one Accord, one Judgment, that nothing be done contentiously, or through Vain-glory, but that in Meekness of Mind, every one esteem other better than himself, and then no Question but we shall grow in Grace, our Faith by this Means strengthen'd, our Love increas'd and communicated, and Christ only exalted. Finally, that the same Mind may be in us, that was in Christ Jesus, our Example, our Brother, our Head, our Life, our All. To whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be all possible Praise and Thanksgiving ascrib'd, now and for evermore. Amen.



HOLY

H O L Y

MEDITATIONS, &c.

MEDITATION I.

Of our blessed and glorious King JESUS CHRIST.

O Pleasant Streams, whose living Waves,
 'Bove Libanus do rise,
 About whose Banks the Flow'rs do meet,
 Right joyfom for our Eyes.
 O sweet! O passing all that's sweet,
 O fair, O passing fair,
 These Eyes of mine did ne'er behold,
 Such Pleasures as are here.
 How wrapt am I, how full of Bliss,
 To see the Garden ope
 To see thee clos'd one disclos'd,
 Was more than I could Hope.
 Behold the Paradise of God
 Is set to open View,
 Those Treasures also, that 'till now
 No Mortal ever knew.
 'Tis thou, O Saviour dear, that art
 The Garden and the Spring,
 The Treasure, Paradise of God,
 And ev'ry blessed Thing.

The World, and all that therein is,
 O fairest of all Men,
 To see the Beauty of thy Face,
 Doth skip for Joy again.
 Leap Earth, and let the Heavens sing
 With sweetest Melody,
 For Zion's King has left his Throne
 To come and dwell with me.
 Our Eyes have seen him, and our Hands,
 That he was Flesh can tell,
 For God's own Son became a Man,
 That he 'mongst Men might dwell.
 O listen, 'tis the happiest News
 That ever touch'd your Ear,
 God's own, and only Son, a weak
 And simple Maid did bear.
 From Father's Bosom, where he sat
 From all Eternity,
 Our blessed Saviour did descend
 A worthy one was he.
 This is the Heir, in all the World,
 No Glory like to this,
 An Everlasting God, and an
 Immortal King he is.
 'Twas for our Sakes he left his Throne,
 And from his Kingdom came,
 God sent him to redeem the World,
 And made him Man for Men.
 As on the new mown Fields do fall
 The soft and gentle Rain,
 So sweetly enter'd he to us,
 To make us live again.
 How Blessings from his Wings do flow
 To keep us from all Strife,

And

And from his Side, as from a Spring,
 Health, and Eternal Life.
 Less welcome is the Morning-Dew,
 To dead and parched Fields,
 For we were dead, but now we live,
 His Spirit Vigour yields.
 O welcome *Jesus*, sing we all
 With Mirth, with one Accord,
 Ten thousand Welcomes be to him,
 That comes i'th Name of th' Lord.
 O meet with Joy your gracious King,
 Sing Psalms with sweetest Voice,
 And let the Trumpet echo forth,
 His Praise with shrillest Noise.
 Why Earth, why dost thou not receive
 With Love and Thanks thy King,
 See this is he, when thou wert lost,
 That did thy Safety bring.
 And ye, O Sons of Men, with Love,
 And all Respects beside,
 Your Everlasting Doors set ope,
 And let your Gates be wide.
 For he that enters in will fill
 Thy Heart most joyfully:
 It is the Saviour, *Jesus Christ*,
 A glorious King is He.
 Our Hearts, yea we ourselves are thine,
 For thou us All hast bought,
 And O that we beside ourselves
 To give Thee else had ought.
 Howe'er we'll praise Thee, and will tell
 Thy Blood for us was spilt,
 And wilt thou hear us when we sing,
 I know, O Lord, thou wilt.
 We are thy Servants, nay what's more,
 Thy Sons and Heirs are we,

For

For thou hast broken all the Bonds
 Of our Captivity.
 Tell, O my Soul, how didst thy God,
 And Saviour Christ appear,
 As choicest Gardens, choicest Fruit,
 That springs both fresh and clear.
 Did ever any Eye behold
 The Treasures of a King,
 Or when rich Gems are first disclos'd,
 Such was his Opening.
 How pleasant *Eden* did appear,
 How beauteous every Tree,
 And yet that Paradise was far
 Less ravishing than He.
 'Tis better far to see him break,
 Than Morning to descry,
 When pleasant Light appears, and all
 The World doth open lie.
 The Beauty of each Paradise,
 And ev'ry goodly Field,
 All pleasant Flowers, and whate'er
 A timely Spring can yield.
 'Tis true, indeed, the stately Arch
 That *Solomon* had rais'd,
 The Holiest of Holies was,
 Of all the World most prais'd.
 'Twas over-laid with Plates of Gold,
 And pav'd with precious Stones;
 The Light was there and Candlesticks,
 Both rich and royal ones,
 There was the Table, and the Wings
 Of Cherubins of Gold,
 The Ark was there of Shittim-Wood,
 Right glorious to behold.
 The written Law of God was there,
 And Manna sent from Heav'n,

With

With *Aaron's* Rod that grew again,
 Tho' first of Life bereav'n.
 'Twas there the Highest gave his Voice,
 And also did abide,
 The Presence of his glorious Face
 Was seen there to reside.
 He did both hear there, and was heard,
 A very heav'nly Place,
 But more divine by far was He,
 Who by that shadow'd was,
 When all the Beauty of this House,
 And *Solomon* was seen,
 What an Astonishment it struck
 In the *Sabeen* Queen!
 This matchless Church she saw, and then
 His own majestick Throne,
 His Court, his Porch, and then his House,
 A very peerless one.
 His Train of Servants, with the Grace
 And Order that they went,
 Their rich Attire, befitting well
 A Prince's Regiment.
 She catch'd each Word fell from his Mouth,
 With an attentive Ear,
 And O, the Lord be prais'd, quoth she,
 That ever I came here.
 Why did I not believe? I find
 Now 'twas a true Report,
 And that of thy Renown and Fame,
 The Rumour came too short.
 Right happy are thy Servants that
 Stand always in thy Sight,
 They hear the Wisdom of thy Heart,
 And see thy Pow'r and Might.
 Thus said the Queen, but are our Songs
 Of frail and earthly Kings?

No

No sure, our Hearts of none but thee,
 O blessed Saviour sing.
 What sweet Expressions of thy Grace
 And Mercy hath been made?
 Yet thou art glorious above all
 That ever hath been said.
 There hath been of thy mar'v'lous Acts
 Exceeding great Report,
 And yet whatever Man can say
 Comes infinitely short.
 I'm quite above myself, when I
 Thy Glory would conceive,
 The very Thought of Thee doth quite
 Me of myself bereave.
 Bless'd Eye, who, as God's only Son,
 Saw thy uncover'd Face,
 And as he had desir'd, beheld
 Thy Majesty and Grace.
 Why, can the Heart of Man conceive
 A Happiness like this?
 Might I but see thy Face, O God,
 I'd wish no other Bliss.
 O come and see, not *Salomon*,
 His Glory, or his Crown,
 But him who is th'eternal King
 Of Glory and Renown.
 Look on his glorious Person, see
 His most majestick Gate,
 His goodly Face, his god-like Grace,
 And his Imperial State.
 O mark what Beauty is within,
 What glorious Majesty,
 O unexpressing Sweetness this,
 O sole Felicity.
 Thou look'd upon me in thy Love,
 And caught me with a Beck,

Thou

Thou didst entangle me throughout
 With one Chain of thy Neck.
 And now a Rush for all the World,
 All Beauty, ev'ry Face,
 They're most contemptible to this,
 Most sordid, vile, and base.
 O what a Nothing is this World,
 Compar'd with this our King?
 Alas! what would I give that I
 His Fulness could but sing?
 O that I could so utter this,
 That ev'ry Man might see't,
 Then should we all amazed fall
 At thy most glorious Feet.
 O dear and precious Saviour,
 Let not thy Face be hid,
 But to thy Chosen shew thyself,
 As *Solomon* once did.
 Let all come forth, and freely see,
 O fair and lovely one,
 The Scepter and the Treasury
 Of thy Salvation.
 We are thy Brethren, O thou far
 More sweet than Paradise,
 The blessed Saviour of thy Name
 Doth sweetly us entice.
 Thy Lovers, O thou lovely one,
 Thy Lovers too are we,
 For thou hast opened to us
 Thy hidden Treasury.
 To thee my Soul bows down, and Oh
 That it could lower fall,
 Even so should all the Kings of th' Earth,
 Tho' ne'er so stout and tall.
 To thee, O mighty One, they must
 Their Properties lay by,

Like

Like humble Vassals in the Dust,
 In all Humility.
 Thy Kingdom and its Majesty,
 All Eyes shall clearly see,
 At which so peerless Excellence,
 Who can but bend the Knee.
 All Corners of the Earth shall fall,
 And ev'ry Angel bow,
 And can I then, O my Soul, think
 Thou wilt not worship too?
 Are then those Saints, and blessed Souls,
 That in thy Presence stand,
 To see the Wisdom of the King,
 That all Things doth Command,
 And shall not I approach the Throne
 To see what may be seen,
 As once before King *Solomon*,
 Did the *Sabea* Queen.
 Alas! that Time had Wings to make,
 That Day draw on apace,
 E'en so to all the Sons of Men,
 Lord *Jesus* shew thy Face.
 And now I see, O joyful Soul,
 Thou didst not trust in vain,
 Thou hast not put thy Confidence
 In a deceitful Man.
 Why? 'tis the King of Glory this,
 The very Prince of Peace,
 The mighty God, and Father of
 Time, that shall never cease.
 The promis'd Child, this this is Christ,
 Ordain'd of God most High,
 Under whose awful Throne subdu'd,
 Angels and Pow'rs do lie.
 This is that Rock, on whom for aye
 Thy Life, O Soul, depends, Unto

Unto whose Throne, as Frankincense,
 My Sp'rit Thanksgiving sends.
 O God, how gracious hast thou been,
 And merciful to me,
 To let me see, my Christ, the Spring
 Of all Felicity.
 No Life, no Liberty like this
 To see th'Eternal King,
 And him whom God for all our Sins
 Hath sent an Offering.
 Under whose Reign and Sov'reignty,
 For ever to endure,
 When Love and Blessings ever grow,
 No Kingdom like this sure.
 I liv'd in a thick Darkness once,
 A Mist did blind my Eyes,
 But God translated me and set
 My Soul above the Skies.
 Where is Rejoicing without End,
 Triumphant Joy I find,
 Where God's one unexpressed Peace,
 Has now possess'd my Mind.
 There harboureth not a wicked Man,
 Nor an Oppressor here,
 Not one that in his Heart a Thought
 Of Violence doth bear.
 'Mongst us Back-biters safely live,
 And Slanderers do dwell,
 But in this Kingdom there's not one
 A shameful Lie will tell.
 A Thief or a deceitful Man,
 Fears here to shew his Head,
 Or he that seeks his Neighbour's Life,
 Or the forbidden Bed.
 Here all the Worthies are of God,
 Upon whose Heads do sit, Ful-

Fulness of Love, and Quiet with
 The Sp'rit that sendeth it.
 God's Kingdom is in Righteousness,
 And Peace i'th' Holy Ghost,
 Such Treasure neither *Solomon*,
 Nor *India* can boast.
 On ev'ry Tree, and ev'ry Sprig,
 Fulness of Life doth grow,
 In ev'ry River of this Land,
 Waters of Life do flow.
 Here Men are fed with Angels Food,
 And eat the Bread of Saints,
 Ev'n lasting Peace, which whoso'er
 Is blest with, never fain'ts.
 Those Souls that enter at these Gates,
 Shall never see a Night,
 For why this Sun ne'er sets but yields
 An Everlasting Light.
 Alas! how much more happy 'tis,
 A Servant here to be,
 Then on the Universe t'enjoy
 A total Monarchy!
 Ride on, and prosper, mighty King,
 And let thy Empire spread
 Beyond the Banks of utmost Seas,
 Or farthest People tread.
 Subdue thy proud, and haughty Foes,
 Whose Will on Earth's a Law,
 And make them as the trodden Dung,
 And as the thrashed Straw.
 May all God's Enemies expect
 No other End but this,
 But prosp'rous Fortune, mighty King,
 Thy Sword and Scepter kiss.
 What Honour hast thou, O my Soul,
 To be this Prince's Son,

No

No Servant ever far'd so well,
Under King *Solomon*.
The Silver was as common Dust,
And Gold as Stones i'th Street,
Fir-trees, and Fig-trees fill the Ground,
Blessings in one did meet.
But thou, O King of Heav'n and Earth,
Art mightier than He,
Yea *Solomon* in all his State,
Was but a Type of thee.
To be thy Subject, or thy Slave,
Is Son and Heir to be,
For why thy Subjects, Lord, are crown'd
With Immortality.
Thou fill'st my Soul, how good it is
To serve this Majesty,
Whose Service is eternal Life,
And perfect Liberty.
To him that hath made the Priests of God,
And by his Blood hath freed us from
The Law's revenging Rod.
To him that hath left Heav'n to save
Us from Eternal Death,
Be giv'n all Honour, Laud, and Praise,
By each Thing that hath Breath.

And now, O Satan, what a Lie
My Soul hath found thee in,
How common in thy shameful Mouth
Has been this odious Sin.
What foul Assertions hast thou cast
On spotless Innocence,
And slandered the Lord of Life,
Under a base Pretence.

But

But God, who all Things can discern,
 Hath published thy Name,
 And now behold, as when Day breaks,
 So I descry thy Shame.
 Thou him Deceiver call'st, but sure
 Thou a Deceiver art,
 And of my Christ didst work a foul
 Suspicion in my Heart.
 O full of all Deceit and Lies,
 How hast thou troubled me,
 But yet, I thank the Lord, in vain
 All thy Temptations be.
 What tho' his own, on whom like Rain
 Our Peace he did descend
 Against the Lord of Life, their Spear,
 And fiercer Brows did bend.
 What tho' they spit on's innocent Face,
 And hang'd him on a Tree
 Tell me deceitful Spirit *ought*
 Not these Things so to
 Is not the Wrath of God gone forth,
 As a consuming Fire,
 And are not their Posterity
 The Subjects of his Ire.
 Is not upon their open Brows,
 A Bill of Scandal writ,
 So plainly ev'ry Christian can
 With Ease discover it.
 What though seducing *Theudas* fell,
 And *Judas* perished,
 Were they not Thieves, and Murderers,
 Should they have better sped?
 What though the Seed of *Ismael*
 Blaspheme his holy Name,
 And yet like *Lebanon* doth rise
 Their uncontrolled Fame.

What

What then? a Day will quickly come,

When they shall stumble all,

And the rejected Stone shall grind

Them into Pieces small.

Yet thou contemn'st me, wicked one,

And cry'st my Trust is vain,

That all these Things are Fooleries,

Conceptions of my Brain.

Nay, in thy Scorn thou laugh'st and say'st

What idle Dreams are these,

How comes this Fondling to believe

Impossibilities.

But God has took thy Vail away,

And now I do perceive

The foul Intention of thy Heart,

Was only to deceive.

God hath declared that his Son,

The Author is of Life,

And thou pernicious Hypocrite,

Of all Debate and Strife.

Thou'st plaid the Man with me indeed,

And strove me to defeat,

Yea thou hast tempted me full oft,

And sifted me as Wheat.

But now what Comfort do I find,

What Joys within my Breast,

My Eyes were shut, but now I see,

God pre-ordain'd my Rest.

And now I find that none can say,

But by the Holy Ghost,

That Jesus is the living Lord,

Howe'er Men say we boast.

MEDITATION. II.

Of our Redemption by CHRIST.

O Blest be God for ever blest,
 In Glory may he sit,
 For why his watchful Hand me pluck'd
 From the Infernal Pit.
 From Darkness such as might be felt,
 From Fire in which I fell,
 That very God hath sav'd my Soul,
 And from the Pit of Hell.
 I've scap'd, I bless my God I am
 Deliver'd and set free,
 But who in all the World can guess,
 What might this Ransom be.
 Ev'n that unvaluable Blood
 Of God's Eternal Son;
 At that great Price I purchas'd was,
 A very wond'rous one.
 Had he not dy'd, I surely had,
 Death was prepar'd for me,
 Eternal Death the Mouth of Hell,
 Wide open I could see.
 Then would th'Eternal Wrath of God,
 Have lick'd me up as Flame,
 And as the Fire he would have burnt,
 And ras'd out my Name.
 Thick Darkness my close Prison was,
 A Chain on either Hand,
 Condemn'd, adjudg'd to endless Death,
 The Sentence firm must stand.

'Twas

'Twas right according to God's Law,
 No Way but die I must,
 Unless for me God's only Son,
 Would perish as the Dust,
 All would be well again, if he
 Would shed his precious Blood,
 Or else no Streams of Oyl would serve
 Or th' swelling Ocean's Flood.
 But who would e'er have thought that he
 Glorious Eternal King,
 Would e'er have left his Throne to lay
 Down such an Offering.
 That he would have debas'd himself
 For such a Wretch as I,
 And for the very Child of Death,
 To condescend to die.
 Who above Hope could e'er hope this,
 Man's Heart too narrow is,
 To comprehend or think of such
 An unexpected Blis.
 But when there was no Way but that
 For ever I must die,
 He in th' Abundance of his Love,
 With his Life mine would buy.
 Both undesir'd, and undeserv'd,
 For me his Life he laid,
 He broke my Cords, and burst my Chain,
 And down my Ransom paid,
 He set me free, and dy'd my Death,
 He blush'd not at the Shame,
 But laughing at their Mockeries,
 He ventur'd on the Flame.
 Of God's Almighty Wrath alone,
 The Wine-press he did tread,
 The Weight he bore was wond'rous great,
 Water and Blood he shed.

Tho'

Tho' press'd down to the very Dust,
 Yet off he did not throw
 Those Curses he did bare for me,
 That I his Love might know.
 Eternal Life his Life laid down,
 For us both Woe and Wan,
 And God, the blessed God was made
 A * Curse, for cursed Man.
 O Depth of Love, and bottomless,
 What can set Bounds to this,
 Nor Firmament, nor whatsoe'er
 Than *Satan* lower is.
 The Seas with Labour may be past,
 'Tis frequent in our Time,
 But this, as God himself, no Bounds
 Or Limits can confine.
 Think you it was but common Love,
 For Love of Man to die,
 And that we might be rais'd aloft,
 Lower than Earth to lie.
 O infinitely lov'd Mankind,
 The Darling of thy God,
 For thee, thy Saviour dear hath felt,
 His Father's ireful Rod.
 The Angels mighty were, but thou
 Belov'd of God above,
 They'd Strength, and all commanding Pow'r,
 But thou the Strength of Love.
 O strange, did God come down from Heav'n,
 And for Man, † Man was made,

* *Gal. iii. 12. Christ hath redeem'd us from the Curse of the Law, being made a Curse for us.*

† *John i. 14. The Word was made Flesh.*

Nay

Nay did he suffer for poor Man,
 Those Torments as you said?
 And is myself a Man for whom
 That mighty God did * die?
 What I ! the poor and vilest Worm,
 The Son of Misery.
 O worthier of greater Love,
 Than my close Breast can hold,
 Let it by all Posterity,
 To their Sons Sons be told.
 All Places ring of this, the Court,
 The House, the Sanctuary,
 Let it in ev'ry publick Street,
 The Subject of Songs be.
 Let this incomprehensible,
 And boundless Love of God,
 Be blown with Trumpet's shrillest Voice,
 Through all the World abroad.
 When thou dost feel a damping Grief,
 Sink thy tormented Heart,
 A Thought of this will raise't again,
 And free it from all Smart.
 'Tis Life unto thee, and will free
 Thy Soul from Death's Annoy,
 O Heart, how canst thou chuse at this,
 But even dance for Joy.
 Thy Father, Mother, or thy Nurse,
 Did ne'er love thee so well,
 Nor yet thy Friend, tho' he was said,
 Within thee for to dwell.
 Why with that precious Font of Blood,
 So freely to be bought,

* 1 John-iii. 16. Hereby perceive we the Love
 of God, in that he laid down his Life for us.

Was such a Work as mortal Men,
 Nor could, nor would have wrought.
 But he did die, indeed he did,
 He suffer'd all my Smart,
 That Agony and bloody Sweat,
 That would have seiz'd my Heart.
 This is a Wonder sure, but I
 As great a one can tell,
 My Saviour only did not die,
 But I * myself as well.
 His Death was mine, his Cross my Curse,
 With him upon the Tree,
 † My Body fastned was, the Pain
 Did stretch each Artery.
 Then was I tost by Unicorns,
 And torn with Lion's Claws,

* Rom. vi. 8. *Wherefore, if we be dead with Christ, we believe we shall also live with him.*

So also Paul says, Gal. vi. 20. *I am crucify'd with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, &c.*

And, again, Col. iii. 3. *Ye are dead, and your Life is hid with Christ in God, &c.*

† Rom. vi. 6. *Knowing this, that our old Man is crucify'd with him, that the Body of Sin might be destroy'd.*

2 Cor. v. 15. *Wherefore henceforth know we no Man after the Flesh. Being created anew in Christ Jesus, Eph. ii. 10.*

16. *Therefore if any Man be in Christ he is a New Creature, old Things are past away, behold all Things are become new.*

18. *And all Things are of God, who hath reconcil'd us to himself by Jesus Christ. See Notes, p. 30,*
 31. The

The Bulls of *Bashan* clos'd me in,
 And rent me in their Jaws.
 The Angels fix'd on me their Eyes,
 And the Despisers hurl'd
 Their Mocks upon me, and me call'd
 The Scum of all the World.
 Whipped I was, and crown'd with Thorns,
 Of Man a Worm was made,
 They tread upon me, and with Death,
 To fear me they assay'd.
 As a third Thief upon the Cross,
 With Christ I hanged was,
 And when on his, then on my Head,
 Sentence of Death did pass.
 O then was this World's * Judgment-Day,
 At that same very Hour,
 The Prince of Darkness was cast out,
 And spoil'd of all his Power.
 Then dead by the Death of the Prince,
 The Prince of Death became,
 The roaring Lion vanquish'd was,
 By th'undefiled Lamb.
 Then both the Son and Sons of God,
 Yea all the World I say,
 According to God's righteous Laws,
 Did pass a Judgment-Day.
 As still as Drops in Fleece of Wool,
 Or Shadow did it pass,
 Or like the softly gliding Streams,
 Or Dew on tender Grass.
 'Twas nothing like that Judgment-Day
 That draweth on so fast,

* *John* xvi. 8, 11.

Which shall be with the Voice of Trump,
 With Storms and Tempests blast.
 With flaming and devouring Fire,
 When both the Earth shall shake,
 And at the Presence of the Lord,
 The melting Heav'ns shall quake.
 'Twill be a fearful Day indeed,
 And that was fearful too,
 When God's own Son amazed stood,
 And quite astonish'd grew.
 When he sweat Blood, and to God cry'd
 To take away the Cup,
 When Darkness was o'er all the World,
 Although the Sun was up.
 When Christ was hang'd on cursed Tree,
 And in him all we here,
 At Sight of which the Earth amaz'd,
 Trembled and shook for Fear.
 The Sun wax'd pale, and was abash'd,
 The Graves gave up their Dead,
 The Saints into *Jerusalem*,
 From open'd Coffins fled.
 A very Judgment-Day was this,
 Yea 'twas my Day indeed,
 Then * suffer'd I for my own Sins,
 Then was I seen to bleed.
 † 'Twas I was stretch'd upon the Cross,
 I hang'd, 'twas I did die,
 It was my Blood that there was shed,
 My Saviour gave it me.

* *Phil. iii. 10. This is to know the Fellowship of his Sufferings.* See the Notes, p. 30, 31.

† *Gal. ii. 20. I am crucify'd with Christ.*

My

My Self did suffer, for to me

* His very Self he gave,

And when he dy'd, then was my Self

† Bury'd with him in's Grave.

Three Days under Death's Hands I lay,

He domineer'd o'er me,

And as insulting Conquerors,

Ev'n so triumphed he.

But Death was trodden down at last,

And Life did Victor dwell,

My Death is dead, my Cross accurs'd,

And Hell is cast in Hell.

Now all as Watch i'th' Night is past,

Death his Death's Wound I gave,

But all in Christ, thro' whom beside,

† Eternal Life I have.

My Sufferings now are at End,

Damnation is quite past,

The Day of my Curse now is fled,

Death can no longer last.

Eternal Death I ne'er shall see,

What endless was has End,

O endless Mercy this, O Power,

To which all Things shall bend.

* Gal. ii. 20. He gave himself for me. For our Sins, Gal. i. 4.

Isa. ix. 6. To us a Child is born, to us a Son is given.

† Rom. vi. 4. Buried with him, &c.

† John xi. 25, 26. I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, tho' he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

And now enlarge thy Heart, O Man,
 All Blessings, Thanks, and Praise,
 Ascribe to God, who *Jesus Christ*,
 From Death to Life did raise.
 His Right-Hand pluck'd him from the Grave,
 And quicken'd him again,
 And now behold above the Heav'ns,
 He gloriously doth reign.
 And as before with him I dy'd,
 And suffer'd Torments Thrall,
 So as a Conqueror with him,
 * I rose and vanquish'd all.
 And now I live, 'blessed be God,
 To bless my blessed King,
 And Songs of my Deliverance,
 For evermore to sing.
 But one was judg'd, yet in that one,
 A Judgment pass'd on all,
 Altho' Death was particular,
 Yet it was general.
 I then was cursed, and yet bless'd,
 Smitten, but heal'd again,
 In Hell I was, and yet on Earth,
 Pierced, but felt no Pain.
 And thus to what Man's shallow Thoughts
 Can never reach unto,

* *Rom. vi. 9. Knowing that Christ being rais'd from the Dead, dieth no more, Death hath no more Dominion over him. 10. For in that he died, he died unto Sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. 11. Likewise, reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto Sin; but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

Or

Or what Words never can express,
 God with a Word can do.
 And thus doth *Jesus Christ* appear,
 To them which faithful be,
 The Wisdom and th'Omnipotent Pow'r,
 Of highest Majesty.
 And thus I do persuade myself,
 That I with *Jesus* dy'd,
 And with *St. Paul*, confests that I
 With Christ was crucify'd.
 And thus I see Mercy and Truth,
 Do both together meet,
 And Righteousness, with quiet Peace,
 Each other friendly greet.
 And thus I see a dead Man live,
 And who was once abhorr'd,
 Accepted now by God himself,
 Thro' *Jesus Christ* our Lord.
 * Already, O my Soul, thou hast
 Been taken for thy Sins,
 And brought before the Judgment-Seat
 Of proud and cruel Kings.
 They spit upon thee, and in Scorn,
 The Scoffers bent their Knee,

* *As we finned in the Loins of Adam, Rom. v. 12, 19. and paid Tythes to Melchisedech in the Loins of Abraham, Heb. vii. 9. so have we suffered and gone thro' these Things in the Person of Christ, who was given unto us for this very Purpose, that we might suffer and die for Sin, and rise again from the Dead in him, and that being made Partakers of this by Faith, we might live in Newness of Life, Rom. viii. 3. 4. Ch. vi. 3, &c.*

What Malice could, or Rage invent,
 They did inflict on thee.
 But thou hast broken up Hell's Gates,
 And risen from the Grave,
 And now, from all insulting Foes,
 Thou shalt Deliv'rance have.
 No Curse, nor Condemnation,
 Shall ever thee molest,
 But thy safe Soul shall now enjoy
 An Everlasting Rest.
 Thou died'st with him, and thou shalt live,
 Thou suffer'd'st, and shall reign,
 All thy Afflictions now are fled,
 And Joy begins again.
 O what a Comfort 'tis to know
 That my Damnation's past,
 And that I now shall live with God,
 Where Pleasures always last.
 It is my Joy that Sorrow's gone,
 'Tis Heav'n to conquer Hell,
 What greater Blessing than to live
 Where Curses never dwell.
 What if as yet I were not freed,
 My Ransom not yet paid,
 What should then I give for my Life
 To have the Judgment stay'd?
 Say I should Sheep and Oxen bring,
 The Firstlings of my Flock,
 Or offer up sweet Frankincense,
 The Fat of all my Flock.
 Had I dispers'd abroad, as Seed,
 And on the thirsty Ground,
 As long expected Water-Drops,
 Or wish'd for Rain been found.
 If I, as *Job*, for hungry Souls,
 My best Provisions dress,

And

And with my warmest Garments cloath'd
 My Brother's Nakedness.
 If I the Fatherless had took,
 And counted as my own,
 Or if a Temple I had built,
 As once did *Solomon*.
 Tho' for the Poor I Houses built,
 Or Schools for Prophets made,
 Tho' for my Ransom Streams of Blood,
 Or Oyl should have been paid.
 This, and ten thousand Times as much,
 Had ne'er effectual been,
 For purging my polluted Soul,
 Or wiping off one Sin.
 Nothing was precious in God's Sight,
 But God's own precious Blood,
 Had he not dy'd, my Sentence yet
 In perfect Force had stood.
 To purchase Heav'n had I this Earth,
 And whatsoe'er is seen,
 To carry any Worthiness,
 It would as nothing been.
 Had I worn Sackcloth, and in Dust,
 Cast myself humbly down,
 Cover'd my despicable Head,
 With Ashes for a Crown.
 My Days and Strength had I consum'd
 In never ceasing Tears,
 Had Hunger eaten up my Flesh,
 And Beauty of my Years.
 Had I been whipp'd with Cords of Brass,
 Or did my Flesh incise,
 With Hope to be like *Baal's* Priests,
 Myself the Sacrifice.

Yet this could ne'er have equal been,
 With Death and Darkneſs Chains,
 There's no Compariſon 'twixt theſe
 And Hell's eternal Pains.

O no, alas! the Sting of Death,
 Is worſer far than ſo,

Thoſe Pains are finite, but in Hell
 Is everlaſting Woe.

Theſe Things are true, as Truth itſelf,
 And ſeal'd with God's own Seal,

O happy is the Man whoſe Heart
 The Sp'rit of God doth fill.

God's Name I always will extol,
 Becauſe, he let's me ſee,

Theſe Things belong unto my Peace,
 And my Felicity.



MEDITATION. III.

Of the Righteousness of Faith.

O Vile and Inconfid'rate Man,
What Mischiefs have I done,

Into what unfrequented Paths

Hath my Affections run.

It shameth and repenteth me,

My Spirit waxeth faint,

So that from Morn to Evening Sun,

I lift up my Complaint.

I cast me down before God's Throne,

My Sp'rit within me fails,

I cry, yea cry aloud to Heav'n,

Yet all this nought avails.

But O unwise, why do not I

My fruitless Clamours cease,

And fly unto the Lord of Life,

And there lay hold of Peace.

Why let I not the Spirit 'xalt,

And Faith re quicken me,

Christ dy'd for Sin, and yet I live

In my Iniquity.

As from a Fountain so distill'd

The Water from his Side,

* The Blood gush'd out as Waters do

At an unusual Tide.

* Heb. xiii. 10. *Jesus, that he might sanctify the People with his own Blood, suffer'd without the Gate.*

He

* He girt himself, and washed me,

As Milk he made me white,
And as the driven Snow so pure,
Appear'd I in his Sight.

With Water he besprinkled me,
And cleans'd me from dead Works,

† Within me no Corruption is;
No Spot or Wrinkle lurks.

In me, as *Jacob*, not the least
Transgression is there seen,
And as in *Israel*, so the Lord
Beholds in me no Sin.

Forgiveness and Redemption,
By his dear Blood I have,
And God in him, the very Wish
Of my Desires gave.

That I am wash'd is that I wish'd,
And now what rests beside,
But that my Soul in Joy and Peace,
Contentedly abide.

But O how troubled was I once,
What Burdens did I bear,
And notwithstanding all my Filth,
Naked did I appear.

* *Rev. i. 5. To him that loved us, and washed us from our Sins in his own Blood. 6. Be Glory and Dominion for ever and ever. Amen.*

† *Eph. v. 25. Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it. 27. That he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having Spot or Wrinkle, or any such Thing.*

Col. i. 22. That he might, in the Body of his Flesh, thro' Death, present us holy, and unblamable, and unreprieveable in his Sight.

My

My hidden Sin lay ope, I saw
 Its foul Deformity,
 But out, alas! how foul it was,
 How loathsome to the Eye.
 I so abhorr'd it that I scorn'd
 To hide me from its View,
 And Reason had I, for so vile
 A Monster I ne'er knew.
 O what an evil Case was this!
 But then I thought I wou'd
 Avoid my Sin, but it the more
 My flying Steps pursu'd.
 It clave unto me as my Skin,
 As Marrow to my Bones,
 Yea so it was, I did possess
 My most abhorred ones.
 Then with deep Sighs, and down-cast Looks,
 Unto the Lord I came,
 And begg'd he would conceal my Sin,
 And cloud my open Shame.
 I begg'd, and ceas'd not Day or Night,
 My Sins provok'd me to't,
 I wish'd the Lord would make me clean,
 And think you he would do't.
 Yea I perceiv'd that he had cleans'd,
 My spotless Leprosy,
 And with his richest Mantle cloath'd
 My foul Deformity.
 The Garments he adorn'd me with,
 (What could he more have done)
 Were e'en the goodliest and best,
 Of his beloved Son.
 The Riches of his Treasury,
 To me he did discover,
 And with Perfume, and finest Cloath,
 He cloathed me all over.

My

My Garment smelt of Cassia,
 And other precious Stems,
 The Ground-work was refined Gold,
 Beset with shining Gems.
 The King himself to shew his Love,
 His endless Love to me,
 From his own Shoulders took the Robe
 Of spotless Purity.
 So that my shameful Nakedness
 Is now no longer seen,
 My sinful Sin became to me,
 As it had never been,
 I once was poor, but now I am rich,
 My Nakedness is gone,
 My Darkness fled, so that I shine
 As the Meridian Sun.
 What greater Glory could there be
 Than to be cloath'd with God,
 * He drew his Skin upon my Sin,
 His Blood upon my Blood.
 Thus was I made the blessed Man,
 Whose Wickedness was hid,
 To whom the Lord imputes no Sin,
 Of all that e'er I did.
 O bless'd be God † I put on Christ,
 His Righteousness, his Spirit,

* Heb. ii. 24. Forasmuch as the Children were
 Partakers of Flesh and Blood, he also himself like-
 wise took Part of the same.

2 Cor. v. 21. He hath made him to be Sin for us
 that knew no Sin, that we might be made the
 Righteousness of God in him.

† Rom. xiii. 14. Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.
 His

* His Body, Soul, his Skin, his Flesh,
 His Form I did inherit.
 How chang'd I was, how altered,
 I was not now the same,
 For I of mortal Man the Son
 Of God himself became.
 To work my endless Misery,
 Satan was strongly bent,
 To rob, and captivate my Soul,
 It was his sole Intent.
 But God, the Lord, with mighty Hand,
 My distant Pains did bear,
 So that my latter Blessings far
 More than my former were.
 My Poverty became my Wealth,
 I got by that I lost,
 Becoming poor I was made rich,
 And got the Holy Ghost.
 That Righteousness which was my own,
 Like Vapours vanish'd quite,
 And as a Mist before the Sun,
 So fled it from my Sight.
 And in its Room, the spotless Robe
 Of purest Sanctity,
 The Righteousness of God's own Son
 Did overshadow me.

* Eph. v. 30. *We are Members of his Body, of his Flesh, and of his Bone.*

John vi. 48. *I am the Bread of Life.* 51. *The Bread that I will give is my Flesh, which I will give for the Life of the World.* 53. *Except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his Blood, ye have no Life in you.* 57. *He that eateth me shall live by me.*

O blessed

O blessed God, and loving Christ,
 How amply 'tis made Good,
 That as Sin did abound, so Grace
 Superabounding flood.
 And thus the Lord would have me poor,
 That I thereby might know,
 Those precious Riches that in him
 Do never ebbing flow.
 And now, O Satan, what hast thou
 Against God's Son to say,
 Thour't to accuse the guilty Man,
 Alas he slipt away.
 I am the Man that ne'er knew Sin,
 Thou would'st the Old Man have,
 But he * with Christ was crucify'd,
 And buried in his Grave.
 And being dead he liveth not,
 But I the † New Man am,
 Thou me a Sinner would'st accuse,
 But I am not the same.
 Thou for a Child of Belial,
 Eternal Pains dost breed,
 But I am Son and Heir of God,
 ‡ Begotten of his Seed.
 And what hast thou whereof thou canst
 The Son of God reprove,
 When Christ himself acquitteth me,
 Dost thou a Slander move.

* Rom. vi. 6. Our Old Man is crucify'd with him.

† Eph. ii. 10. God's Workmanship created in Christ Jesus.

‡ James i. 28. Of his own Will begat he us with the Word of Truth.

Isaiah 40

Who

Who is't can say I am a Thief,
 Tho' * I have often stole,
 Or who Blasphemer, tho' my Mouth
 With bitter Oaths have sworn.
 I am no Lyar, tho' I ly'd,
 I sinn'd, yet have no Sin,
 Who dares against th'Elect of God,
 An Accusation bring.
 If God, the Lord, but justify,
 If he but set me free,
 Dares any be so rashly bold,
 As to disquiet me.
 'Tis Christ that dy'd, nay more, 'tis he
 The Bars of Death that breaks,
 And 'tis not I that says these Things,
 † But Christ within me speaks.
 God's Wisdom how profound it is!
 How deep his Counsels are,
 His Judgments are unsearchable,
 Above our Wisdom far.
 Why was there ever Work like this,
 That who did God disgrace,
 Should be accepted for his Son,
 And have the highest Place.
 That he who with malicious Words,
 His Brother's Fame did wound,

* 1 John i. 19. *If we confess our Sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our Sins.*

Rom. iv. 7. *Blessed are they whose Iniquities are forgiven, and whose Sins are covered.* 8. *Blessed is the Man to whom the Lord will not impute Sin.*

† Eph. iii. 7. *Christ dwelleth in our Hearts by Faith.*

Within

Within his Mouth should have no Guile,
 Or rancrous Slander found.
 That he who hath transgress'd the Law,
 Should ne'er transgress the same,
 But free from all Corruption live,
 Without deserved Blame.
 No Metamorphosis like this,
 One's Age for to renew,
 And of an old and wither'd Man,
 Become indeed a new.
 For Man to be the Son of God,
 And he that's born of Earth,
 To be one with the Lord of Heav'n,
 By a mirac'lous Birth.
 For him that late was nought but Sin,
 Sin to have never known,
 The Poets never spake or dreamt
 Such Wonders as this one.
 To justify the unjust Man,
 Th'unrighteous to make pure,
 To undo what was done and loose
 What Satan bound so sure.
 No Power could ever do like this,
 But he who all Things can,
 Beyond whatever sinks into,
 The Breast of any Man.
 The Ear such Miracles as these,
 Had ne'er the Pow'r to hear,
 Nor yet our Eyes could ever see
 Tho' ne'er so quick and clear.
 When Men had thought there was no Hope,
 It never could be done,
 Then God did do it, and the Sin
 Which was done is undone.
 Those Faults which I did once commit,
 Are not imputed now,

And

And he is guiltless that did once
 For ever break his Vow.
 O what a Price would I have giv'n,
 To have my Conscience purg'd,
 How did I wish to have my Sins
 Remov'd, that so me urg'd.
 And see my God, the very Wish
 Of my Desires gave,
 He did discover that those Things
 I did request I have.
 And thus with Confidence I say,
 The Lord can witness it,
 That tho' I have committed Sin,
 * I ne'er committed it.
 Thy Righteousness I have not hid,
 O Lord within my Breast,
 Nor yet the Knowledge of thy Grace,
 Have I deny'd the rest.
 And thus to ev'ry stedfast Heart,
 Whose Sp'rit these Truths do see,
 The Wisdom and the Pow'r of God,
 Doth Christ appear to be.
 And thus is Christ the End, and the
 Fulfilling of the Law,
 And thus is Faith the Evidence
 Of Things we never saw.
 And thus unrighteous as I am,
 Full righteous I remain,
 And tho' I daily do transgress,
 Am without Spot or Stain.
 Thus being unjust, there is a Way
 From Mischief to be free,

* Rom. viii. 33. *Who shall lay any Thing to the Charge of God's Elect.*

In

In Death there's Life, in us no Blame,
 Nor no Iniquity.
 This must be meant, when we do say,
 There's Righteousness by Faith,
 And 'tis a better far than that
 The painful Worker hath.
 To wit, that Faith assureth us,
 Our Sins are all forgiv'n,
 By Christ's own Death, without all Means,
 Our Scores are all made even.
 Better to us by far is Christ,
 Then were the Law obey'd,
 And then a thousand *Adams*, what
 Our Saviour for us paid.
 The first Man brought his Righteousness,
 So did the second too,
 Christ, his from Heav'n, *Adam* from Earth,
 Alas it would not do.
 The first was Man's, and was of Man,
 How poor it was and vain,
 The second was of God himself,
 Of a diviner Strain.
 Ours is but as a filthy Rag,
 And Dirt and Dung to this,
 'Tis freely giv'n, and yet than it,
 There is no greater Bliss.
 His by Creation, *Adam* had,
 I this by God's free Love,
 And 'tis a Jewel that I prize,
 All earthly Wealth above.
 All that I have I would have gave,
 To purchase this same Gem,
 But all was not enough, this one
 By far out-valued them.
 Now farewell all, and welcome this,
 And happy be the Day,

That

That first invested me with it,
 O let it shine away.
 O let it 'mongst the Days of Heav'n,
 In golden Lines be writ !
 May no unlucky Thing befall,
 For to discredit it.
 This is that Righteousness wherein,
 For ever I must boast,
 'Tis freely giv'n, as Air or Breath,
 It nothing did me cost.
 In this I trust, on this alone,
 As on a Rock I stay,
 And surely it will current pass,
 At the great Judgment-Day.
 At Sight of this, all that was mine,
 I utterly deny'd,
 Alas it was but Dross and Dung,
 As all the World beside.
 All Things behind me have I cast,
 As doth the Snake her Skin,
 Or he who having costly Cloaths,
 The torn ones he was in.
 I have despis'd them as the Clay,
 Or Dunghill in the Street,
 Yea all the Glory of this World,
 I trample under Feet.
 All those well-seeming specious Works,
 I valu'd so before,
 As Dung, as filthy loathsome Dung,
 I utterly abhor.
 That rich and glorious Attire,
 In which I vaunted so,
 Which having on my dearest Friend,
 If poor I scarce would know.
 What was my gay and silken Coats,
 My Cloaths of finest Thread,

But

But as a Flow'r that fair appears,
 And straitways withered.
 O now, said I, Soul take thine Ease,
 For thou shalt never want,
 Whenas indeed I was as poor,
 And naked as the Ant.
 In Mire I wallow'd as a Hog,
 Yet thought I was well cloath'd,
 But O alas, to God himself,
 How foul I was and loath'd.
 O vain, and too too cred'lous Men,
 How we do set Esteem
 On that which is indeed no less
 That what we vainly dream.
 O ever bless'd and happy Men,
 Whom Christ had Mercy on,
 Whose Blood hath cleans'd and purify'd
 From our Corruption.
 Whom God hath wash'd, whom God hath chang'd
 And with the Light array'd,
 So that henceforward no Report,
 Can make your Souls afraid.
 And thus by Sin I was cast down,
 That I by that might see,
 The Value and esteemed Worth,
 That in his Grace there be.
 I was cast down, to be lift up,
 And that I might well know,
 The Riches of his Righteousness,
 My Weakness he did shew.
 O who is so Fool valiant,
 As to approach his Ire,
 Or who so bold as to draw near
 The all-consuming Fire.
 Who then shall live, when the great Judge
 Of Heav'n and Earth shall rise, And

And in a Robe of sparkling Light,
Approach our dazzling Eyes.

Even the Man that lives in Christ,
Shall feel no wounding Hand,
And tho' both Heav'n and Earth do fall,
Yet he shall firmly stand.

* But Christ sure will not Christ condemn
But as his chosen Sheep,
From the prepared Vengeance safe,
As his own self will keep.

For why I righteous shall appear,
Being with Christ array'd,
And unto God's own Image chang'd,
By whom I first was made.

Then Christ himself in Man shall see
The Glory of his Face.

As in a Glass he shall behold
His own reflected Grace.

And as the Judge himself so shall
He that is judged be,

In whom being chang'd, Christ only Christ,
Shall Christ himself then see.

He shall be full of Innocence,
The Man that ne'er knew Sin,

Christ shall his Image see in him,
His Flesh, his Bone, his Skin.

Whate'er is old shall pass away,
And all shall become new,

The Heav'ns, the Earth, and Man besides
Shall God himself renew.

As *Adam* was, so shall he be,
As *Adam* did I say,

* *Eph. v. 30. For we are Members of his Body,
of his Flesh, and of his Bones.*

Yea

Yea as the Man, and Lord from Heav'n,
 That did his Ransom pay.
 And he who first was born below,
 And was a Man of Earth,
 As God himself so shall he be,
 By a more noble Birth.
 He shall be call'd, O blessed Name,
 God's own begotten Son,
 Yea as his first begotten is,
 * He shall be such a one.
 For outward Shape, and inward Form,
 So glorious without,
 So rich and glorious within,
 So innocent throughout.
 Clean shall his Saviour him present,
 Before the Judgment-Throne,
 Nor Man, nor Angels ought shall bring,
 'Gainst such a righteous one.
 Him God and's Conscience shall acquit,
 By both he shall be prais'd,
 And as the Angels, his free Soul,
 'Bove Terror shall be rais'd.
 The Lord shall save him, happy Man,
 And then the Proud shall see,
 How vain and idle their Threats were,
 And after silent be.
 But Man, how greatly art thou bound
 To him who did all this,
 Who purg'd thy Guilt, and sav'd thy Soul
 From Death and Hell's Abyss.

* John iii. 2. Beloved, now we are the Sons of
 God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be;
 but we know that when he shall appear, we shall
 be like him.

That

That took away thy foul Rebuke,
 And Accusation,
 And made thee righteous before God,
 An undefiled one,
 Gladness shall one Day fill thy Heart,
 And thou amaz'd shall stand,
 Beholding what the Lord hath done,
 The Work of his own Hand.
 Then shall thy Tongue, with many more,
 All fill'd with the same Sp'rit,
 Whose Hearts are full, as free as thine,
 And the same Love inherit,
 Extol the Glory of thy God,
 And praise his blessed Son,
 In the same Song agreeing all,
 As if you were but one.
 Oh 'tis a worthy Work indeed,
 The best that Man can do,
 And as it is the worthiest,
 So't shall be endless too.
 Had Death but got the upper Hand,
 How hadst thou been disgrac'd,
 Had thine Accusers but prevail'd,
 Thou hadst been quite defac'd.
 But now the Dangers past and gone,
 Thy Doubts and Fears are o'er,
 And all the low'ring Clouds of Death,
 Shall fright thy Soul no more.
 Thus whomsoever God shall please,
 To honour with his Love,
 From out the grov'ling Prefs of Cares,
 His Soul he will remove.

MEDITATION IV.

Of our Reconciliation by CHRIST.

THE Lord, our good and gracious Lord,
 That is to Anger flow,
 But in all Truth and Righteousness,
 Abundantly doth flow.
 Forgiving those whose crooked Wills,
 His Goodness did offend,
 And as the Air to all the World,
 His Mercy doth extend.
 'Tis true, indeed, that for a-while,
 He seem'd me to forsake,
 But now into his Arms of Love,
 For aye he doth me take.
 In his due Time, my Father took
 Me his forsaken Son,
 Oh Love so friendly to receive,
 A poor despised one!
 He did embrace me in his Arms,
 And gave me many a Kiss,
 His Ring upon my Hand was put,
 And all Things work my Bliss.
 The fatted Calf and spotless Lamb,
 To Slaughter went for me,
 The better Robe did cover all
 My foul Iniquity.
 The finding of his once lost Son,
 Did so rejoice his Heart,
 That Heav'n, and all the Angels there,
 In Joy do bear a Part.

As I was coming Home, with Arms
 Of Love he did me greet,
 And oh, how often did his Lips,
 With mine together meet.
 His Bowels yearn'd at Sight of me,
 And welcome did he say,
 Yea quite as welcome as if thou,
 Hadst never stray'd away.
 And thus unkind altho' I was,
 My Father yet was kind,
 And gladly took whom all the World
 Had cast out of their Mind.
 The World forsook me, but the Heavens,
 Wide open spread their Gates,
 Thus he the Darling is of God
 Whom foolish Worldling hates.
 Why art thou troubled, O my Heart,
 What Anguish doth thee move,
 What pensive Sadness doth disturb
 Thee and thy former Love?
 Weep not, poor Soul, for see the Lord
 Gives thee thy Heart's Desire,
 Oh see though Sorrows cast thee down,
 Thy God doth lift thee higher.
 Thou need not loaden be with Sin,
 Thy Fears do dim thy Sight,
 For Christ hath took the Burden off,
 That doth thy Soul affright.
 O Man that fearest see thy fear,
 The utmost of thy Smart,
 I will discover to thy Soul
 The Anguish of thy Heart.
 Indeed I will declare the Truth,
 Thou art but a dead Man,

But 'tis to Sin, **Sin in thy Soul,**
 Hath done the worst it can.
 That which did slay thee now is slain,
 Sin hath his deadly **Wound,**
 And now, O **Man,** thou feel'st the worst
 That in thee can be found.
 Thy **Sickness** is become thy **Health,**
 Christ cured thy **Disease,**
 To perish thus was to revive,
 How can this chuse but please.
 And now, O **Man,** why art thou sad,
 And blushing hid'st thy **Face,**
 O that thou saw'st how fair thou art,
 In Christ, who took thy **Place,**
 O that thine **Eye-lids** open were
 To see thy blessed **State,**
 'Twould make thy **Heart** within thee leap,
 And all sad **Thoughts** abate.
 Alas, alas, why dost thou droop,
 When all is safe and sound,
 Why faint'st thou, when behold in **Truth,**
 * No **Grief** or **Wound** is found.
 Thou liv'st, and yet thou say'st I die,
 Thou'rt blest, what need'st thou fear,
 The **Sacrifice** for **Sin** is past,
 Its **Weight** why shouldst thou bear.
 Let **Joy** and **Gladness** cheer thy **Heart,**
 Let **Grief** and **Sorrow** cease,
 How vain is **Fear,** when **God** and thee,
 Are at eternal **Peace.**
 O **penfiv** **Man,** behold I come
 From **God** to comfort thee,

* 1 Pet. ii. 24. *By whose Stripes ye were heal'd.*

Go

Go comfort the distrustful Man,
 Revive his Sp'rit, says he:
 Go tell *Jerusalem* that all
 Her Storms are past and gone,
 Her Pains are ceas'd, her Sins are quite
 Forgotten ev'ry one,
 The Price for Sin is amply paid,
 'Tis this we are to preach,
 Go tell all Nations this, saith he,
No other Doctrine teach.
 And think'st thou then, O Man, that I
 Will dumb or silent be,
 Yea I will tell thee what my Christ
 Hath freely done for thee.
 There came a Man from Heav'n to Earth,
 The great King's only Son,
 His Errand was to treat of Peace :
 Oh 'twas a heav'nly one.
 Both God and Man he was, that both
 Might reconciled be.
 'Twixt whom a Covenant was made
 For all Eternity.
 He coupled both in his own Self,
 Of two he made us one,
 No Disagreement e'er shall break,
 So firm an Union.
 The angry Heav'ns, and sinful Earth,
 Were each 'gainst other bent,
 But Christ, by off'ring up himself,
 Did make them both relent.
 So that in one they now are met,
 And jointly do agree,
 To publish which, God's royal Hosts,
 And Ministers are we.

O welcome News, methinks my Heart
 Doth leap within my Breast,
 While Glory unto God I sing,
 To Men, eternal Rest.
 'Tis none of our Inventions this,
 To tell it God was pleas'd,
 This is my Son, says he, in whom
 My Spirit is appeas'd.
 To shew us which that royal Guest,
 The good Man's Joy and Chear,
 The Sp'rit of God into our Breast,
 Like Sun-shine did appear.
 Feardid beset us, but this Sp'rit,
 Spoke Peace unto our Heart,
 'Tis God's own Sp'rit, and God's own Peace,
 To us it doth impart.
 Which whosoever doth possess,
 To all Men will declare,
 In open Streets, or wheresoc'er
 The great Assemblies are.
 And let not him, whose weaker Mind
 These Truths cannot attain,
 Cry out with proud and scornful Lips,
 Fye on't, 'tis all but vain.
 For as our Eye assureth us
 Of what we plainly see,
 So doth God's Spirit manifest
 This heav'nly Mystery.
 O hearken, and I will you tell,
 Such News as ne'er was told,
 My Breast is swoln, with quick Desire,
 'Till I this Truth unfold.
 A Peace 'twixt God and Man is made,
 An Everlasting Peace,
 Though Time and World may have an End,
 Yet this shall never cease.

Upon

Upon our Hearts, by God's own Hand,
 The Covenant is writ,
 The Blood, the precious Blood of Christ,
 For aye hath sealed it.
 And now away from me all ye,
 That work my Soul's Dismay,
 Unwelcome Grief, and sad Distrust,
 Be gone from me I say.
 And be thou joyful, O my Soul,
 And to thy Lord and King,
 With Voices sweetest Melody,
 A joyful Anthem sing.
 Thy weaken'd Hands, and feeble Knees,
 Shall Vigour now receive,
 Yea with redoubled Strength thy weak
 And drooping Sp'rits shall live.
 Methinks I am not what I was,
 This News hath made me new,
 'Tis such a Message as the Heart
 Of mortal Man ne'er knew.
 The very Feet of those blest Men,
 That can such Tidings tell,
 Are far more beautiful than those
 'Mongst Worldlings most excel.
 All other Thoughts, but only this,
 I banish quite away,
 This is the Shield, the Rock, the Tow'r
 On which my Soul shall stay.
 O blessed Man, my Peace is made,
 My God and I are one,
 Ten thousand Sins shall never break
 This happy Union.

* For though my Sins are multiply'd
 In Number 'bove the Sand,
 My God howe'er is still the same,
 His Truth must firmly stand.
 O blessed Peace, and blessed Day,
 On which this Peace was wrought,
 For ever be thou bless'd, O Christ,
 Whose Blood our Souls hath bought.
 Had'st thou not liv'd, O holy one,
 I surely should have dy'd,
 Each Sin had been my Death, and would
 Me and my God divide.
 His Peace and Friendship had been lost,
 Ne'er to be found again,
 Instead whereof, an endless War
 And Discord would remain.
 But now this Fear is past and gone,
 His Soul was paid for mine,
 The Ransom and Redemption,
 O holy One was thine.
 Be thou exalted, O my Soul,
 And leap within my Breast,
 For now thy God and thee are Friends,
 His holy Name be blest.
 Yea blest forever be his Name,
 Whose Might hath turn'd away
 That Vengeance and consuming Fire,
 That never would decay.
 Who valiantly stood in the Breach,
 When Death and Hell came on,

* Rom. vi. 1. *What shall we say then, shall we continue in Sin that Grace may abound? 2. God forbid, how shall we that are dead to Sin, live any longer therein.*

And

And brought with them an endless Curse,

He vanquish'd every one.

And Champion-like maintain'd the Field;

'Till Vict'ry was obtain'd,

Which notwithstanding for us Men,

Not for himself he gain'd.

He bore the Brunt, and we the Fruit

Of all his Pains do reap,

Then let our Love and Thankfulness

No Bounds or Limits keep.

Would'it thou the true, and perfect Use

Of thy Redeemer know,

O listen and I will it teach,

And faithfully will shew.

If thou thro' Sin dost hang thy Head,

And shaming hid'st thy Face,

Because thou think'st God hath withdrawn

The Lustre of his Face:

Yea though its Malice doth suggest,

Thou can'st not pardon'd be,

Since willingly thou didst offend

So good a God as he.

Yet, notwithstanding, O my Christ,

Thou wilt my Pardon plead,

And thus between my God and me,

Thy Love will intercede.

" What though his Sins are numberless,

" For such as these I dy'd,

" Yea Sin itself upon the Cross,

" With me was crucify'd.

" And if 'tis crucify'd, 'tis dead,

" And ne'er shall rise again,

" But falling once, it quite consumes,

" As does the mizzling Rain.

" Thou know'st my Father, that I am
 " The Mercy-Seat alone,
 " Thou know'st that I am Lord and King,
 " What I will shall be done.
 " If then my Mercy shall extend
 " To ev'ry sinful Soul,
 " What Man is he can question it,
 " Or dares my Will controul.
 " I'll spare and save whom e'er I please ;"
 O Lord it is confest,
 Give o'er to doubt then, O my Soul,
 And safely be at Rest.
 And thou, O Man of Sin, that think'st
 With Threats my Soul to spill,
 Persuading me that all shall go
 According to thy Will.
 Alas ! the Kingdom is not thine,
 For Shame then leave to boast,
 When Christ subdu'd and vanquish'd thee,
 Thy Claim thou lost thou know'st.
 And yet behold thou labour'st still
 To make a second War,
 And subtly aimest to provoke
 Me and my God to jarr.
 It is thy Practice, thy Delight,
 To draw my Soul to Sin,
 And then thou think'st God will be Wrath,
 And thou the Day shall win.
 But all is vain, for Jesus Christ,
 At God's Right-Hand I see,
 * And if I sin, I know that still
 He intercedes for me.

* 1 John ii. 1. *If any Man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, &c.*

I speak but what I surely know,
 God my Redeemer sent,
 His Wings did overshadow me,
 And touch'd me as he went.
 He bore the Blows that justly were
 Directed first at me,
 His Soul for mine he did oppose,
 And all to set me free.
 He Life for Life, and Shame for Shame,
 He Death for Death did pay,
 Under that Yoke I should have groan'd,
 He did his own Neck lay.
 How vain a Thing it were to think,
 We could that love express,
 That to his Father on this wise,
 Our Saviour did address.
 ' O righteous Father, if it be,
 A Thing that may be done,
 Let Man arise from Death to Life,
 And spare thine only Son.
 If any other Way be left
 To lift him from the Grave,
 Than by thy dearest Darling's Death,
 Thy Child sweet Father save.
 But if it must be so that Man,
 Except I die, must die,
 Spare not, O righteous Judge, myself
 I give most willingly.
 On my Head let the Curses fall,
 That Mankind may be blest,
 Thine Anger bend at me, that Peace
 On his Head still may rest.
 I am content to undergo
 The Burden of thy Hate,
 That so thy Love to him may flow,
 And Comfort on him wait.

The

The Son of Love altho' I am,
 Thy Wrath on me let fly,
 O spare me not, but let me fall,
 As Sin itself should die.
 But *Israel's* Head with Peace, O Lord,
 And Blessings compass round,
 With Garlands of Delight and Joy,
 My Brethren's Head be crown'd.
 Let no Displeasure them molest,
 They are my Joy, my Dear,
 With Arms of Love encompasses them,
 And bid them nothing fear.
 Thus for a Time, though in the Grave,
 And Shades of Death he lay,
 Yet straitways Darknes was expell'd,
 And then break out the Day.
 Fresh as a Bridegroom he appear'd,
 His Father did him meet,
 And with wide open Arms his Son,
 His only Son did greet.
 And now the Place of Heav'n and Earth,
 In Glory he doth reign,
 The Blessing of the Church of God,
 The good Man's Joy and Gain.
 And unto Love and Life, himself
 He did not raise alone,
 But likewise us he did advance,
 And glorified each one.
 With him we live, with him we reign,
 And what doth make us glad,
 Of us than of the Son of God,
 No less Regard is had.
 O then for ever happy Man,
 Whose Peace is made so sure,
 That let Sin do the Worst it can,
 It must for e'er endure.

Forth

Forth thro' a Cloud, the glorious Beam,
 And Countenance divine,
 The Lustre of his heav'nly Face,
 Upon our Hearts doth shine.
 So that in Triumph now we ride,
 The Garland is our own,
 And see our Hearts do leap for Joy,
 Our Sp'rits are lighter grown:
 Come, Sons of Wisdom, ye whose Faith
 No earthly Thing can shake,
 With sweet and hearty Melody,
 This Protestation make.
 Than Gold refin'd, or the sweet Fruit
 Of the laborious Bees,
 Than all that's precious, O my God,
 Thy Love doth better please.
 By some, to shine in Prince's Court,
 A glorious Thing 'tis thought,
 When as my Soul full well doth know
 It is a Thing of nought.
 Than Life itself, tho' Life be sweet,
 Thy Love, O Lord, is sweeter,
 Than to enjoy the World at Will,
 To live with thee is better.
 'Bout Toys and Trifles, foolish Man,
 Thou spend'st thy Time in vain,
 Thou plow'st thy Ground, and sow'st thy Wheat,
 And reapest it again.
 On Gold, and the lascivious Looks
 Of an enticing Face,
 In loose and lawless Love thou dost
 Thy chief Contentment place.
 Thou drinkest Wine in golden Bowls,
 And to the Harp dost dance,
 Thou paint'st thy Face with Cinoper,
 Thy Head thou dost advance.

Thy

Thy Neck with Gold and precious Gems,
 Thou dost encircle round,
 And in thy many curious Books
 Thy chief Delight is found.
 Thou think'st thyself the happiest Man ;
 When I enjoying thee,
 Thou God of Peace, without these Toys,
 Have all Felicity.
 Thy Love before the Love of Kings,
 I highly do prefer,
 Whilst they that seek their Peace on Earth,
 Do infinitely err.
 With Dirt and Trash, a Covenant
 Such idle Men do make,
 But I from God, a lasting League
 Of endless Peace do take.
 Thereon my Life, and all my Hopes,
 With Confidence I lay,
 And being safe, all careful Thought,
 I banish quite away.
 Take then thy Rest, my chearful Souls
 For ever take thy Rest,
 For why ? no earthly Thing can tell
 How highly thou art blest.



MEDITATION V.

Of Faith triumphing in the Victory of CHRIST.

O Earth lift up thy drooping Head,
Come and rejoice with me,
For Christ our valiant Champion,
Has got the Victory.
I saw that fearful Battle fought,
Where Death and Hell came on,
And Christ alone oppos'd them both,
And vanquished each one.
I saw him lifted up above,
His proud insulting Foes,
The Kings and Princes of the Earth,
Like Captives down he throws.
Both Death and Hell, with wond'rous Strength,
Below his Feet he flung,
And having thrown them, up he gets,
And tramples them as Dung.
By Death he was the Death of Death,
He overcame him quite,
That Giant, and that mighty one,
His Valour put to Flight.
He laid his Life down in the Dust,
And Hell was then quite foil'd,
His Honour he depos'd i'th' Grave,
And then was Sin despoil'd.
Sin that had trodden down the World,
Was now himself trod under,
And who had often tore our Hearts,
Was rent himself asunder.

The

The Tempter came, and tempted him,

~~But back return'd with Shame,~~

As purest Wheat, or Gold refin'd,

So spotless was his Name.

Hell fell, Death dy'd, the Prince of Death,

To Death himself was brought,

The Grave inclos'd that subtle one,

That oft our Deaths had sought.

Where was thy Pow'r, O Coward Death,

That when our Lord was dead,

Thou couldst not keep him in the Grave,

But yielding backward fled.

So that from Death he rose again,

And loosed all Hell's Chains,

The Iron Gates were opened,

And out-flow all Hell's Pains.

Come then both Men and Angels sing,

This joyful Song with me,

O Death, now tell, where is thy Sting,

O Grave, thy Victory.

Death's Sting is Sin, and Strength to Sin,

The binding Laws afford,

But prais'd be God, we've overcome,

Thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

How dreadful Satan did appear,

His Eyes did burn with Rage,

And nought his Malice, but my Death,

And Ruin would assuage.

My Strength and Courage quickly fell,

I was unable quite,

His subtle Malice to withstand,

My Sin so dimm'd my Sight.

Then up gets Satan, and triumph'd,

On Tip-toe did he stand,

And me, dejected Slave, he held,

Insulting in his Hand.

Then

Then did I crouch, and at his Feet
 Me, and my Life I laid,
 Besides, I thought for evermore,
 My Soul would there have staid.
 When straight the God of Life appear'd,
 And to my Sp'rit reveal'd,
 How long e'er this he was appear'd,
 The Bonds of Love were seal'd.
 That all my Sins how great so e'er,
 With Christ were crucify'd,
 So that within me not a Spot,
 Or Blemish did abide.
 Thou canst not possibly conceive,
 O Man whose'er thou art,
 How strange an Alteration,
 This News wrought in my Heart.
 I found that I the Victor was,
 And Satan was the Slave,
 That I am strong, and he most weak,
 For all he did so brave.
 Those Gins and Snares that he had laid,
 In which my Soul did fall,
 Like Spiders Webs my Saviour broke,
 And quite dissever'd all.
 This News did breathe into my Soul,
 The Breath of Life a-new,
 For though the Thing was done long since,
 'Till now I ne'er it knew.
 That Garment on my Back he put,
 Which was my elder Brothers,
 From one Son's Head he took the Crown,
 And put it on another's.

I was

I was that Captive led by Sin,
 * Now Sin do Captive lead,
 And Death itself that once me slew,
 Is overcome indeed.
 And now Salvation thro' the World,
 Is plentifully spread,
 The Kingdom and the Pow'r of God,
 In every Land is read.
 Where then are all thy Braggs become,
 Thou proud insulting Foe?
 How comes it that thou hang'st thy Head,
 That lately vaunted so?
 Thou didst o'ercome, and hast me slain,
 'Tis true thou threw'st me down,
 And yet behold I rose again,
 See here I have the Crown.
 And since by Faith I am assur'd,
 My Peace with Heav'n is made,
 In vain hereafter shalt thou strive
 To make my Soul afraid.
 I laugh at all the Stratagems,
 Thee or thy Friends can make,
 The Fear of Death, or Darts of Sin,
 Shall never make me quake.
 I know that God is above all,
 His Right-Hand me sustains,
 And as a King, o'er Death and
 With him my Spirit reigns.
 'Tis well at last thou art asham'd,
 'Tis well thou dost discover,
 That Pow'r thou lately did usurp,
 Like to a Dream is over.

* 1 Cor. xv. 57. *Thanks be to God which giveth
 us the Victory thro' our Lord Jesus Christ.*

And

And that my Faith, tho' often prest,
 Since seven Times I fall,
 Yet like the Palm-tree rises up,
 And spreads like Cedar tall.
 The Oaks of *Bashan*, tho' all Heart,
 Are not so strong as it,
 It stands all Storms and Tempests Wrath,
 When Hills their Stations quit.
 Its Footsteps stedfast are and firm,
 Its Root is deep and sure,
 Tho' all Things else doth fade away,
 My Faith doth still endure.
 By it I see the Pow'r of Christ,
 Triumphant o'er the Grave,
 By it the Knowledge of my Life,
 And Happiness I have.
 That Heav'n by Faith is purchas'd,
 I must by no Means say,
 But that its sure and certain mine,
 By Christ's Deserts I may.
 That the same Crown bedecks his Head,
 Was purchas'd for me,
 That by his Conquests I did gain
 A happy Victory.
 See where the mighty Men lie slain,
 The valiant spread the Ground,
 Behold and see where Sin lies dead,
 Death is not to be found.
 Amidst the slaughter'd Carcasses,
 The Vict'ry did appear,
 Bring forth your Instruments of Joy,
 To meet the Conqueror.
 Sing Psalms of Joy with chearful Voice,
 While others bring the Crown,
 And then to him all Glory sing,
 All Honour and Renown.

With

With golden Pen in Leaves of Brass,
 His valiant Acts declare,
 And let them through the World be told,
 Where'er the People are.
 O see the Goodness of our God,
 The Crown on him being plac'd,
 He took it with his own right Hand,
 And with it me he grac'd.
 With Honour he bedeck'd me round,
 He gave me Strength and Might,
 Into my Hand a Palm he put,
 Into my Heart Delight.
 And thus Faith sees how Christ is made
 To ev'ry living Man,
 The Wisdom and the Pow'r of God,
 Let Sin do all it can.
 And thus at length I see, by Sin
 How needful 'twas to fall,
 That Grace might lift me up again,
 And rid me out of Thrall.
 That see'ng how weak and frail I am,
 If God my Sp'rit should leave,
 To the Protection of his Pow'r,
 I might the stronger cleave.
 That by denying thus myself,
 On God I might rely,
 Accounting him alone the Cause
 Of my Felicity.
 Thus by the Weakness of us Men,
 The Pow'r of God is shewn,
 Had I not mourned first, my Joy
 I never should have known.
 My Fear did go before my Peace,
 In Death, my Life I found,
 And thinking I was vanquish'd quite,
 My Head with Joy was crown'd. Which

Which Way to get the Victory,

~~O Death can't thou devise,~~

Since when thou thought thou had overcome,

Thou wast thyself the Prize.

That 'tis most easy to o'ercome

Me, and my Train 'tis true,

But e'er thou gets the Conquest, Death,

My Christ thou must subdue.

'Till thou hast triumph'd over him,

I must triumph o'er thee,

And I am sure thou canst not think

That that will ever be.

For ever therefore will I sing,

As being sure to find,

My Peace on Earth, my Peace on Heav'n,

According to my Mind.

O Fools and vain, that in themselves,

Their Peace and Rest do seek,

In whom Contentment is Debate,

Whose Strength is wond'rous weak.

O happy he that Wisdom hath,

She does out-prize all Treasure,

In Pearls and Gems beset with Gold,

There is not half that Pleasure.

The Knowledge of those heav'nly Truths,

That do our Peace declare,

Doth more delight than all Things else

That in the World there are.



MEDITATION VI.

Of Hope Glorifying.

O Rich and glorious Mansion,
By God's own Fingers built,
Made all of living precious Stones,
And curiously gilt.
Bedeck'd with shining Carbuncles,
With Emeralds beset,
With Iv'ry Pillars stately propt,
And intermix'd with Jet.
With Rays that from the Lamb's own Eyes,
Each Room thereof doth shine,
The Windows Sapphires, and the Streets
Are full of Love divine.
Whose Stones are precious, and whose Brooks
With living Waters run,
Whose Temple is the Lamb, the Love,
The Spouse of God's own Son.
Her Riches are blest Innocence,
And Everlasting Love,
The Glory and the Majesty,
Of God himself above.
The Glory both of Heaven and Earth,
Within her doth appear,
The Angels and the Churches Prince,
And glorious King is there.
The noble Men of *Israel*,
With all the Saints beside,
The Spouse of Christ, the Queen of Heav'n,
The Church doth there abide.

Peace

Peace and the Sun there setteth not,
 But ever are in Sight,
 They know no Grief, or Sadness then,
 No Fears do them affright.
 And I tho' for a Time estrang'd,
 An Exile do remain,
 Yet one Day to my Father's House,
 I shall return again.
 And O that *that* Day would but come,
 When like I should receive,
 Wherein my Head should be advanc'd,
 And I this World should leave.
 The Day, the long desir'd Day,
 Of Mirth and Joy to see,
 When I my Father shall embrace,
 And he will embrace me.
 Besides, at his Right-Hand I shall,
 My Eldest Brother meet,
 And with him all my Brethren too,
 Me welcome there will greet.
 Rejoice, O Soul, rejoice my Heart,
 For that Day now draws nigh,
 Come quickly, O my Lord, I long,
 In thy dear Arms to lie.
 As springing Grass, or Herbs I peep,
 To see that glorious Day,
 When God his Mercy shall reveal,
 Its Riches shall display.
 When like a Shadow, or a Mist,
 These evil Days shall pass,
 When Death shall cease, and when I shall
 Forget it ever was.
 When God shall set me in a Throne,
 A rich and glorious Seat,
 When all my proud and haughty Foes,
 Shall crouch beneath my Feet.

And

And on my Head, a Crown shall fix,
 More precious than of Gold,
 In Glory and transcendent Light,
 My Body shall enfold.
 The Sorrows of this Life, and all
 The sad Assaults of Death,
 To Satan and Forgetfulness,
 I heartily bequeath.
 Then Sickness and the lingering Pain,
 Of a Disease no more;
 Shall keep me Pris'ner in my Bed,
 'Till all my Joints be tore.
 Then no Decay, my Bones, my Loins,
 No Grief shall e'er molest,
 All Sickness he shall chase away,
 That most unwelcome Guest.
 When he commands, my Bones shall rise,
 My Skin my Flesh shall cover,
 My Beauty shall return again,
 As fresh as e'er was Lover.
 Then God, whom no Heart can conceive,
 Immortal, only wise,
 The first and last that ever was,
 Shall stand before mine Eyes.
 That Face that never Man could see,
 But at the Sight must die,
 The Riches of that glorious Face,
 I living shall descry.
 The Wisdom that from out his Lips,
 Like Streams of Life do flow,
 And to my undeserving Soul,
 He Grace will freely shew.
 Then with Excess of Joy of Heart,
 My chearful Heart shall sing,
 And so exalted down shall fall,
 And bow before Heaven's King. This

This is the Top of all Delights,
 The Pleasure of all Pleasures,
 Th'excellent Beauty of his Face,
 Is Treasure of all Treasures.
 O far beyond whate'er I saw,
 O ever-shining Light,
 How poor and empty Language 'tis,
 T'express this glorious Sight!
 The Sum of all my Hopes is this,
 That I myself shall be,
 Fill'd full of Glory, when this Sight
 Of Glory I shall see.
 I shall be swallow'd up in Love,
 Eternal Love will take,
 A firm Possession of my Heart,
 And there his Dwelling make.
 Of God himself I shall partake,
 His Arms shall then enfold me,
 His Mercy and Compassion,
 From falling then shall hold me.
 And when these lasting Pleasures shall
 Encompass me about,
 When hidden Love shall be disclos'd,
 And from his Heart fly out.
 Then shall my Lips be opened,
 My Voice I then shall raise,
 The utmost Part of Heav'n shall ring,
 With sounding of his Praise.
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Whose Works, and what they are,
 I and my Brethren with our Hearts,
 Will chearfully declare.
 Whose Love and Goodness knows no End,
 But boundless is and swelling.

Tho' we do nothing else but tell't,
 We always may be telling.
 In giving God deserved Praise,
 That to him doth belong,
 From Time to Time, from Age to Age,
 We must extend one Song.
 And O that we could now begin,
 This much-desir'd Speech,
 'Twould make the World admire our Mirth,
 And the same Language teach.
 To sing of God, how pleasant 'tis,
 It takes away all Sadness,
 The Honey is not half so sweet,
 It fills my Heart with Gladness.
 My Lips so long to speak of him,
 Mine Eyes to see his Face,
 They ne'er shall have enough they think,
 Of his excelling Grace.
 Within his Bosom, that I were,
 To God that I were knit,
 I ne'er would leave his loving Side,
 But closer would I get.
 Then should I live the Life of God,
 And all I now enjoy,
 The Earth, and all the Earth calls Good,
 I'd reckon as a Toy.
 My cov'tous Heart will ne'er be pleas'd,
 I ne'er shall think me blest,
 Of God, the ever-glorious God,
 Except I be possess'd.
 O Son of Man, who art become,
 The King of Heaven's Heir,
 Well may'st thou speed, thou blessed one,
 Well may'st thou Glory share.
 Thy former Birth, thou hast shook off,
 And art begotten new,

A noble

Of noble Birth ! no Prince e'er had
 So brave a Birth as you.
 Thou art begotten of the great
 Immortal, full of Days,
 The King of Glory, and of Kings,
 Whom all the World obeys.
 One of his noble princely Peers,
 On whom his Favour shines,
 More rich than if thou didst enjoy,
 The Treasure of all Mines.
 O doating Fools that on the World,
 Your chief Desires set,
 Look up to Heav'n, and to the God
 Of all Contentment get.
 God and his dearest Son dwells there,
 Thy Brethren there abide,
 Blest Days, Eternal Life, with Joy,
 And endless Peace reside,
 Excelling Beauty, Pleasures such,
 As never can wax old,
 Abiding Riches, more than Thought,
 Or Fancy e'er can hold.
 There Gold and precious Stones are Dross,
 Men as the Sun do shine,
 The Heart which earthy was before,
 Will there become divine.
 There Jesus, and his Blood alone,
 Shall ever be the Song,
 The Lamb is worthy, we shall sing,
 Amidst the happy Throng.
 The four and twenty Elders there,
 Do shine in bright Array,
 And in the Righteousness of God,
 We then shall be as they.

The Cloathing that the Saints have on,
 The Dress they have above,
 Is yours and mine, by *Jesu's* Gift,
 So much he doth us love.
 As Kings and Priests to Christ the Lord,
 We shall for ever stand,
 With Crowns of Gold upon our Heads,
 With Palms within our Hands,
 That Men had but an Eye to see
 The Gates of Heaven ope,
 That I could but invent a Way,
 To furnish him with Hope.
 Hope looketh on eternal Life,
 And what the Eye can't see;
 It sees the bright all-shining King,
 It views his Majesty,
 And last of all, Hope sees that God,
 That no Beginning knew,
 To whom all Things their Being owe,
 Both what is Old and New.
 To him I gladly would return,
 As to the Sea the Spring,
 To him the Fountain of all Good,
 I long methinks to cling,
 When in the Clouds, on Wings of Flame,
 That glorious King shall ride,
 Then shall we meet him as a Queen,
 And so become his Bride.
 Our Wedding Coat we will put on,
 The Ornaments of Love,
 Our Crown and rich Attire, with all,
 That can Affection move,
 Then Christ shall take me by the Hand,
 And me to God shall give,
 With whom espous'd for evermore,
 My blessed Soul shall live.

This

This is a Mystery indeed,
 But hope doth all Things see,
 It vaunts, it boasts, yet is not proud,
 Nor is this Foolery.
 As having spoke but what is Truth,
 Hope dares to shew his Head,
 Since God's Love could not be express'd,
 Tho' ten Times more was said.
 Hope doth to God betake itself,
 And in his Bosom rest,
 And of the Tree of Life it eats,
 As a most welcome Guest.
 It drinks the purest Streams of Life,
 And Angels Food it eats,
 And what seems Dainties in this World,
 It counts but loathsome Meats.
 See mortal Man, what is my Hope,
 For sure this Hope is mine,
 I ne'er will be asham'd to vaunt,
 So rich 'tis and divine.



MEDITATION VII.

Concerning the Work of Love.

O Wretched Man, from Death and Hell,
 Who shall my Soul deliver,
 My Heart is beaten down with Sin,
 My Sp'rit is vexed ever.
 O Slave compell'd by subtle Sights,
 To such unmanly Acts,
 By Sin perswaded 'gainst thy Heart,
 To such unmanly Facts.
 O too weak Hands, and feeble Knees,
 How quickly did you fail,
 The Heart itself, how soon it faints,
 His Courage doth prevail,
 And having got the Mastery,
 How proudly doth he crow,
 Yea tho' submissively we yield,
 He will no Mercy shew.
 And thou, O Man, tho' sold to Sin,
 Dost like a Tyrant reign,
 Under whose Lusts the Earth doth groan,
 The Hills and watery Main.
 Both Beasts and Fishes, with the Birds
 That in the Air abide,
 Trees, Herbs, Grass, Flowers, and each Thing
 The Earth contains beside.
 When thou commandest, they are brought,
 And down their Necks they lay,
 Yea Man himself, Man's proud Commands,
 Doth to his Death obey.

O Seed

O Seed of Sin ! O cursed Man !
 O Night and Darkneſs all !
 O Vipers Brood ; that eat'ſt thy own,
 Compos'd of nought but Gall.
 O Man poſſeſt by Sin, or Man,
 Or Devil, whate'er it be,
 That think'ſt to bring my Soul to Death,
 And all Hell's Miſery !
 O ſtrong old Man, uſurping Sin,
 That reign'ſt, and rul'ſt at Will,
 At whoſe Command the whole World ſtoops,
 O Lord this Viper kill.
 How can I chuſe but hate the Wretch,
 Since he doth labour ſo,
 To make me taſte the bitter Cup
 Of Everlaſting Woe.
 My Sp'rit would leap for Joy to ſee,
 My Enemy faſt bound,
 To ſee him gasping ſeek for Breath,
 After his deadly Wound.
 And ſee he's dead, the Son of God
 Hath ſtruck him to the Heart,
 O how he ſtruggleth yet for Life,
 How loath he is to part.
 His Pangs of Death are ſtrong, and yet
 He labours to draw Breath,
 But tho' he lives, and ſtirs a-while,
 He cannot eſcape Death.
 And now he's dead, the old Man's dead,
 The Devil's eldeſt Son,
 See where the crafty Serpent lies,
 His Plots are all undone.
 Now is the Time, O World, thy Joy
 And Gladneſs to expreſs,

Adorn thyself with Mirth and Love,
 Put on thy choicest Dress.
 For Sin that would for ever reign,
 And always kept thee under,
 See all his Strength is now but vain,
 His Heart is burst asunder.
 To ev'ry Man where'er he dwell,
 This certain News I bring,
 Within no Place my Sp'rit shall fear,
 This chearful News to sing.
 Rejoice, O Earth, I say rejoice,
 Rejoice, O Heart, I say,
 Sirg forth for Joy, and all thy Flags
 Of Victory display.
 For Sin, the Serpent that within
 Thy very Soul was bred,
 Whose venom'd Teeth did poison all,
 Thy Goodness now is dead.
 As dead, as if he ne'er had liv'd,
 The Viper doth remain,
 See all his Breath and Sp'rits are gone,
 By God's own Lamb he's slain.
 O you that have the Sp'rit of God,
 Within your Heart who prove,
 And find how sweet a Thing it is
 T'enjoy the God of Love.
 With me fall down, and to his Name
 Acknowledge all the Praise,
 That from the lowest Step of Hell,
 Our dying Souls did raise.
 I droop'd, alas! and hung my Head,
 And did confess my Sin,
 And to my Grief of Heart I saw
 The State that I was in.

Then

Then said I, since the God of Heav'n
 And Earth must needs be just,
 My Hope is lost, I see no Way,
 But perish needs I must.
 But as my Soul was sinking down,
 A Word of Joy I heard,
 O Men thou shalt not die but live,
 Look up, be not afraid.
 Thy Sins which like a Cloud did stand,
 Betwixt my Love and thee,
 Th'Abundance of my Mercy hath
 Removed far from me.
 I have forgiven, and forget,
 By my own self I swear,
 Thy Multitude of Trespases,
 Tho' numberless they were.
 Yea thou, O Lord, hast only didst
 My crying Sins forgive,
 But to my Heart reveal'd'st thy Love,
 And mad'st my Soul to live.
 For which, how can I chuse but love,
 And always honour thee,
 That freely of thy Mercy hast
 So truly loved me ;
 That hast past by ten thousand Sins,
 And twenty thousand more,
 Yea, if I would their Number tell,
 I never must give o'er.
 To him the everliving God,
 From whom our Joys do spring,
 The Life and End of all our Hopes,
 Our Father and our Kings,
 To him our Knees and Hearts as low,
 As lowest Earth we lay,

And all we have from him alone,
 We have receiv'd we say,
 He only shall take up my Thoughts,
 Who pleas'd to let me know,
 That I am sav'd, and that my Life
 To him alone I owe.
 To him my Joy, and my Delight,
 My Love, my only Pleasure,
 My Riches, my Inheritance,
 My Soul's exceeding Treasure.
 Than Women, or the choicest Wine,
 His Kisses are more sweet,
 Than all those Gums and Spices that
 In sweet Perfumes do meet.
 The Lord is mine, and I am his,
 Myself I do deliver,
 Into his Hands, who of myself,
 And all I have is Giver.
 He first did Love he first did bless,
 He first did Kindness shew,
 All Love that we can pay to him,
 For his first Love we owe.
 My Love, is Love, O lovely one,
 Surpassing all the rest,
 Amidst ten thousand lovely ones,
 My lovely one is best.
 Farewell from henceforth all Delights,
 All Beauties else adieu,
 My Heart and Soul, my dearest Love,
 Shall cleave to none but you.
 Thus is he blest, whom God redeem'd,
 And whom he loved so,
 The Certainty whereof to thee
 The Holy Ghost doth shew.

O end-

O endless Love, without all Bounds,
 The Heav'n is not so high,
 From East to West, from North to South,
 A lesser Space doth lie.
 Than God, thy Mother was less kind,
 That form'd and foster'd thee,
 Thine Heart doth know that thine own Heart
 Was not so kind as he.
 Love took his dwelling in my Soul,
 And filled me throughout,
 And for my Safeguard, as a Wall,
 It compass'd me about.
 As on the Wax the Seal doth leave
 The Figure that it bears,
 Ev'n so my ever chearful Soul,
 Love's own Impression wears.
 Love seized and possessed me,
 It cover'd me quite over,
 So that my Soul is now become
 A very skilful Lover.
 This Love I would not leave for Gold,
 For Honey or for Wine,
 But why do I compare such Toys
 As these to Love divine?
 Kifs me, my Love, embrace me sweet,
 Encompass me my Joy,
 O let me ever Love my God,
 Whose Love can never cloy.
 Tho' many Things is sweet, thy Love
 Is sweeter than them all,
 Oh like the Ocean let it swell,
 And never let it fall.
 Tho' Love all dainty Fare exceeds,
 All richest Wines excels,

Altho'

Altho' no Banquet be so sweet,
 Or ought that's pleasant else,
 Yet as our Water, or the Bread,
 That every Day we eat,
 'Tis common, as the common Air,
 Or our most usual Meat.
 From Love's great Banquet now I come,
 My Soul on Dainties fed,
 The Cates and pleasant Fruits were there,
 My Spirit's ravished.
 For ever let me be so fed,
 And I shall still have Store,
 Then Streams of Life, O let me drink,
 And I shall thirst no more.
 And O my Love, ten thousand Thanks,
 For my sweet Love I give,
 When I forget to love my Love,
 Let me no longer live.
 I must confess I play the Blab
 But Love constraineth me,
 In Things divine that all concern
 No Need of Secresy.
 Enticing Beauty, hence away,
 Thy Pleasures are but Dreams,
 Bewitching Gold I banish quite,
 That is not what it seems.
 Ah filthy Dung, should I prefer
 Such empty Toys as these,
 Before my God, my Love, my Life,
 Whose Joys do only please?
 That were an unkind Part indeed,
 So to neglect his Love,
 The Sweets whereof ten thousand Times,
 My once sad Soul did prove.

- Than

Than Mother's Love, or Nurſes Care,
 Than Wives or Friends embrace,
 Thy Love, O God, within my Soul
 Doth take a deeper Place.
 There let it firm Poſſeſſion take,
 Let me be fill'd with Love,
 Its Root let no wild Tempeſts Rage,
 Or fiery Trial move.
 For thee, O Everlaſting Prince,
 Thy Glory never ceaſe,
 God crown thy Life with endleſs Years,
 Thy endleſs Years with Peace.
 Ride on and proſper, noble Prince,
 But let thine Enemies,
 Be ſcatter'd like the empty Chaff,
 When northern Winds ariſe.
 I love thee for thy Father's Sake,
 And for thine own my ſweet,
 For why ! ſuch hearty Love as thine,
 My Soul did never greet.
 Oh my dear Love, thyſelf with Love,
 As with a Garment deck,
 Wear't as a Crown upon thy Head,
 As Chains about thy Neck.
 O 'tis a glorious Thing this Love,
 Surpaſſing quite our Reach,
 It ſwelleth not, it is not proud,
 But gently doth it teach.
 Love ever ſeeks his Neighbour's Good,
 It helps, it hurteth not,
 It doth all Good, it hates all Ill,
 It cov'reth many a Blot.
 It carries Bleſſings in its Mouth,
 And hates all wicked Deeds,

It is a Spark of that blest Flame,
 From God himself proceeds.
 Yea, I may say, 'tis God himself,
 'Twas Love that first Man made,
 'Twas Love that chose him, yea 'twas Love,
 That his great Ransom paid;
 It is the choicest of choice Things,
 The sweetest of all Sweets,
 O let my Soul be ever fed,
 With such delicious Meats.
 The Time shall come, when as a Flood,
 The Streams of Love shall flow,
 The Ocean shall not swell so high,
 Tho' mighty Winds do blow,
 When I my Days have finished,
 And bid the World adieu,
 Then O my God, and Saviour,
 My Soul shall rest with you.

Why, O my Brother, art thou sad,
 Why dost thou look so wan,
 This World I'm sure can harbour nought,
 Should vex a Christian Man.
 Why, thou should'st rather with a Look,
 As chearful as bright Day,
 With Mirth and Psalms extol that God,
 That wip'd thy Sins away.
 That others might by seeing thee,
 Give over to be sad,
 That Truth which from thy Lips should flow,
 May make thy Brother glad.
 A Man would think that sees thy Face,
 So cover'd o'er with Tears,
 Thy sad Condition still remain'd,
 Thy Sin and doubtful Fears.

That

That Vengeance still hung on thy Head,
 That God was not pleas'd,
 That still the Law and Death remain'd,
 Thy loaden Back uneas'd,
 That Christ on whom our Hopes did lie,
 Did never Flesh assume,
 That he was never stretch'd on Cross,
 Or ever laid in Tomb.
 When as I'm sure, thou thyself know'st,
 These Things were all once done,
 And that thou'lt sooner doubt 'tis Day,
 When as thou seest the Sun.
 If therefore God is pleas'd with thee,
 And hath forgave thy Sin,
 Why, O my Brother, art thou sad,
 And vexed so within?
 Look up I say, or tell me why,
 Thou rather down should'st look,
 O tell me why thou hang'st thy Head,
 As if thou wert forsook.
 Alas! alas! dost thou not see
 How all the World does cross me,
 What great Afflictions Day and Night,
 Incessantly do tosse me.
 The Sun or Lark is not so soon,
 About their Work as I,
 The better Part of Night is spent,
 E'er in my Bed I lie.
 And yet to see for all my Cares,
 And Labours never cease,
 My 'State and Riches do not thrive,
 My Goods do not encrease.
 Alas! poor Man, what shallow Thoughts
 Do now possess thy Heart,

As

As if that thy Estate and thee,
 Were never more to part;
 Yea, what Content does Wealth afford,
 Though Honours do adorn it,
 Observe and see the wisest Men,
 Have ever learn'd to scorn it.
 They knew full well that Care abounds,
 And Riches both together,
 Unless the Mind were first resolv'd,
 To set itself on neither.
 And then as little will content,
 As Nature Self requires,
 And having Food and Raiment she
 Doth finish her Desires.
 Observe the Lillies how they grow,
 They neither card nor spin,
 Yet Kings are not so fine in all,
 The Glory they are in.
 The innocent and harmless Birds,
 All careful Thoughts forego,
 The Beasts enjoying but themselves,
 No carking Thoughts e'er know.
 They never break their quiet Sleep,
 Their Trading to advance,
 No Fire, or Robbers Force they fear,
 Or any other Chance.
 They wage no War, or are unjust,
 In an ill-govern'd State,
 By others Lusts they grow not rich,
 Or thrive by their Debate.
 They busy not their Heads with Arts,
 Or new Inventions find,
 To make new Books, or Fashions, they
 Never distract their Mind.

Within

Within themselves they find content,
 No Pleasures else they feign,
 The Innocence that God first gave,
 They sweetly still retain.
 O blest and uncorrupted State,
 How happy must it be,
 That still retains the native Stamp
 Of its Integrity.
 And was not Man made perfect too,
 The Creature that doth bear,
 The very Image of his God,
 His Maker's Character.
 O wretched Man, stands he in Need
 Of Superfluities,
 High, fair, rich Buildings, brave Attire,
 Or such like Toys as these.
 Which if he lose, with Looks distract,
 He cries he is undone,
 As if those outward Things and he,
 Were now become all one.
 For Shame, at last become yourselves,
 Your manly Spirits take,
 A new Abode within your Hearts,
 Let Reason once more make,
 And careful Thoughts of earthly Things,
 And useless Arts forsake.
 It matters not though proud ones swell,
 And scornful *Ismael* rise,
 Tho' worldly Men, through Ignorance,
 Thy humble State despise,
 Altho' they tread thee like the Chaff,
 Their Malice can but be,
 Thy Body's Tyrant, still thy Mind,
 And noble Spirit's free.

Contentment is not what the World,
 And worldly Men most pleases,
 But what a well-disposed Soul,
 In Midst of Sorrows eases.
 Thy Thoughts on Heaven must be fix'd,
 And heav'nly Joys above,
 And for that little Time thou liv'st,
 Thy Business is to love.
 But when this World, which is most good,
 (The Works of God are so)
 Thou shalt for a more happy Place,
 Most willingly forego.
 Thy Father, and thy faithful Spouse,
 With open Arms shall greet thee,
 Such Friends as thine own Soul desires,
 The Sons of God shall meet thee.

The End of the MEDITATIONS.



*Some Passages out of MILTON'S
Paradise Lost.*

☞ See Book XII. beginning at Line 270.

— Here *Adam* interpos'd. O sent from heav'n,
Enlightner of my darkness! gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd; those chiefly, which concern
Just *Abraham*; and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas'd;
Ere-while perplex'd with thoughts, (what would be-
[come
Of me and all mankind: but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest:
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means!
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,
So many, and so various laws are giv'n:
So many laws argue so many sins!
Among them: How can God with such reside?

To whom thus *Michael*. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot: and
And therefore was law giv'n them, to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight: that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
(Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats) they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man;
Just for unjust: that, in such righteousness,
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace

Of

Of conscience; which the law by ceremonies
 Cannot appease; nor man the moral part
 Perform; and not performing, cannot live.
 So, law appears imperfect; and but giv'n
 With purpose to resign them in full time
 Up to a better covenant; disciplin'd
 From shadowy types to truth; from flesh to spirit;
 From imposition of strict laws, to free
 Acceptance of large grace; from servile fear
 To filial; works of law, to works of faith,
 And therefore shall not *Moses* (tho' of God
 Highly belov'd) being but the minister
 Of law, His people into *Canaan* lead;
 But *Josua*: (whom the *Gentiles* *Jesus* call;
 His name and office bearing, who shall quell
 The adversary serpent; and bring back
 Thro' the world's wilderness long-wander'd man,
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.) 314
 ————— *beginning at Line* 375
 — O prophet of glad tidings! finisher 375
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand,
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain;
 Why our Great Expectation should be call'd,
 The seed of woman: Virgin Mother, hail!
 High in the love of heav'n! yet from my loins
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
 Of God Most High; so God with man unites.
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal pain: say, where and when
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel?
 To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of their fight,
 As of a duel, or the local wounds
 Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
 Man-hood to GOD-HEAD, with more strength to foil
 Thy

Thy enemy : nor so is overcome,
Satan, whose fall from heav'n (a deadlier bruise !)
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound :
 Which He, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
 Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works,
 In thee, and in thy seed. Nor can this be,
 But by fulfilling (that which thou didst want)
 Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
 On penalty of death, and suffering death ;
 The penalty to thy transgression due ;
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow :
 So only can high justice rest appaid.
 The law of God exact He shall fulfil,
 Both by obedience, and by love ; tho' love
 Alone fulfil the law : thy punishment
 He shall endure, by coming in the flesh
 To a reproachful life, and cursed death :
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
 In his redemption : and that His obedience
 Imputed, becomes theirs by faith ; His merits
 To save them, not their own (tho' legal) works.
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,
 Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd,
 A shameful and accurst ! nail'd to the cross
 By his own nation ; slain for bringing life.
 But to the cross He nails thy enemies,
 The law that is against thee, and the sins
 Of all mankind, with Him there crucify'd,
 Never to hurt them more, who rightly trust
 In this His satisfaction. So he dies,
 But soon revives ; death over Him no pow'r
 Shall long usurp : ere the third dawning light
 Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
 The ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
 His

His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefits embrace
By faith, not void of * works. This God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have
dy'd,

In sin for ever lost from life: this act
Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength,
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms:
And fix far deeper in his head their stings,
Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems: —

— *beginning at Line 469*

— O goodness infinite! goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good! more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin,
By me done and occasion'd: or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall
spring:

To God more glory, more good will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.

* *Not works of law, but works of faith.* See
Book XII. Line 306.

CONTENTS.

MEDITATION I.

Of our blessed and glorious King Jesus Christ. p. 9.

II.

Of our Redemption by Christ. p. 22.

III.

Of the Righteousness by Faith. p. 35.

IV.

Of our Reconciliation by Christ. p. 50.

V.

Of Faith triumphing in the Victory of Christ. p. 63.

VI.

Of Hope glarying. p. 70.

VII.

Concerning the Work of Love. p. 78.

(52)
The following BOOKS are to be sold at
the same Places with this.

Three Sermons, written by Mr. John Simpson,
Entitled,

I. *Man's Righteousness no Cause or Part of his
Justification.* Pr. 2d.

II. *Salvation only by God's Grace.* Pr. 2d.

III. *Salvation only by Believing.* Pr. 2d.

Abraham's Steps of Faith, by Mr. John Eaton,
Pr. 1d.

Justification by Christ alone, by Mr. Samuel Ri-
chardson. Pr. 1d.

*Some Reasons against making Use of Marks and
Evidences,* in order to know our Interest in Christ,
by Mr. William Cudworth. Pr. 2d.

*A Dialogue between a Preacher of God's Right-
eousness, and a Preacher of Inherent Righteousness,*
by Mr. William Cudworth. Pr. 1d.

Some Observations concerning a Church of Christ,
by Mr. William Cudworth. Pr. 1d.

*The above Tracts are neatly bound together, and
sold for 1s 6d.*

A Collection of Hymns, Part I. Pr. 6d.

Reading made more Easy. Written by Mr.
William Allis. Pr. 6d. bound.

t
s
n,
i.
nd
ß,
ot-
s,
ß,
nd
Mr.